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BALLADS,  
IN THE  
CUMBERLAND DIALECT,  
CHIEFLY BY  
R. ANDERSON,  
WITH  
NOTES AND A GLOSSARY:

The remainder by various Authors.

---

The Song beguiles dull Caro, at Night's black hour,  
Now calls a starting tear from Sorrow's eye;  
Then grant me, Fate, awhile the soothing pow'r  
To charm the rustic with wild minstrelsy.  
If, midst coarse weeds, he find a simple flow'r,  
The learned critic's frown I'll proud defy!—R.A.

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COCKERMOUTH:

PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF I. EVENING,  
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—  
1870.

WILLIAMS

1850

WILLIAMS & SONS, PRINTERS, COCKERMOUTH.

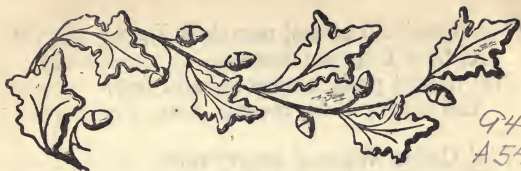
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## CUMBERLAND BALLADS.



### BALLAD I.

### BETTY BROWN.

—O—

TUNE—"John Anderson my Jo."

—O—

WULLY.

**C**OME, Gwordie lad, unyoke the yad,  
Let's gow to ROSLEY FAIR; \*  
Lang Ned's afore, wi' Symie' lad,  
Peed Dick, and monie mair.

My titty Greace and Jenny Bell  
Are gangen bye and bye,  
Sae doff thy clogs, and don thysel—  
Let fadder luik to t' kye.

GWORDIE.

O, Wully! leetsome may ye be!  
For me, I downa gang;  
I've often shek'd a leg wi' tee,  
But now I's aw wheyte wrang.

\* See Note I. at the end of the volume.

My Stomich's gaene, nea sleep I get ;  
At neet I lig me down,  
But nobbet pech, and gowl, and fret,  
And aw for *Betty Brown*.

Sin' Cuddy Wulson' murry-neet,  
When Deavie bree's'd his shin,  
I've niver, niver yence been reet,  
And aw for her, I fin.

Tou kens we danc'd a threesome reel,  
And Betty set to me—  
She luik'd sae neyce, and danc'd sae weel,  
What cud a body de ?

My fadder fratches sair enough,  
If I but steal frae heame ;  
My mudder caws me peer deyl'd guff,  
If Betty I but neame.

Atween the twee there's sec a frase,  
O but it's bad to beyde !  
Yet, what's far war, aye Betty says  
She wunnet be my breyde.

WULLY.

Wey, Gworge ! tou's owther fuil or font,  
To think o' sec a frow ;  
In aw her flegmagaries donn'd,  
What is she—nought 'at dow.

There's scape-greace Ben, the neybors ken,  
Can git her onie day—  
Ere I'd be fash'd wi' sec a yen,  
I'd list, or rin away !

Wi' aw her trinkums on her back,  
 She's feyne eneugh for t' squire;  
 A sairy weyfe, I trow, she'd mak,  
 At cudn't muck a byre.

But, whisht! here comes my titty Greace,  
 She'll guess what we're about—  
 To mworn-o'mworn, i' this seame pleace,  
 We'll hae the stwory out.

December 19, 1801.

## BALLAD II.

### BARBARY BELL.

—O—

TUNE—"Cuddle and cuddle us aw thegether."

—O—

**O**H, but this luive is a serious thing!  
 It's the beginner o' monie waes;  
 And yen had as guid in a helter swing,  
 As luik at a bonny feace now-a-days;

Was there ever peer deevil sae fash'd as me?  
 Nobbet sit your ways still, the truth I's tell,  
 For I wish I'd been hung on our codlen tree,  
 The varra furst time I seed *Barbary Bell*.

Quite lish, and nit owre thrang wi' wark,  
 I went my ways down to Carel fair,\*  
 Wi' bran new cwoat, and brave ruffl'd sark,  
 And Dicky the shaver pat flour i' my hair;

\* See Note II.

Our seyde lads are aw for fun,  
Some tuik ceyder, and some drank yell ;  
Diddlen Deavie he strack up a tune,  
And I caper'd away wi' *Barbary Bell*.

Says I, "Bab," says I, "we'll de weel eneugh,  
For tou can kurn, and darn, and spin ;  
I can deyke, men car gear, and hod the  
pleugh,  
Sae at Whussenday neist we'll t' warl begin."

"I's turn'd a gayshen, aw t' neybors say,  
I sit like a sumph, nae mair mysel ;  
And up or a-bed, at heame or away,  
I think o' nought but *Barbary Bell*."

Then whee sud steal in but Rob o' the Nuik,\*  
Dick o' the steyle, and twee or three mair ;  
Suin Barb'ry frae off my knee they tuik,  
"Wey, dang it!" says I, "but this is nit fair!"

Robbie he kick'd up a dust in a crack,  
And sticks and neeves they went pel-mel,  
The bottles, forby the clock feace they brak—  
But fares-te-weel, wheyte-fit, *Barbary Bell*.

'Twas nobbet last week, nee langer seyne,  
I wheyn'd i' the nuik, I can't tell how.  
"Get up," says my fadder, "and sarra the  
sweyne."

"I's bravely, Bab," says I, "how's tou?"

Neist mworn to t' cwoals I was fworc'd to gang,  
But cowp'd the cars at Tindle Fell,  
For I cruin'd aw the way, as I trotted alang,  
"O that I'd niver kent *Barbary Bell*!"

\* See Note III.

That varra seame neet, up to Barbary' house,  
 When aw t' auld fwok were liggin asleep,  
 I off wi' my clogs, and, as whist as a mouse,  
 Claver'd up to the window, and tuik a peep.

There whee sud I see but Watty the laird—  
 Od wheyte leet on him ! I munnet tell !  
 But on Satterday neist, if I live and be spar'd,  
 I'll wear a reed cwot for *Barbary Bell*.

*April 14th, 1802.*

### BALLAD III.

## NICHOL THE NEWSMONGER.

—o—

TUNE—" *The Night before Larry was stretch'd.*"

—o—

**C**OME, Nichol, and gi'e us thy cracks,  
 I seed te gang down to the smiddy ;  
 I've fodder'd the naigs and the nowt,  
 And wanted to see thee 'at did e.

Ay, Andrew lad ! draw in a stuil,  
 And gi'e us a shek o' thy daddle ;  
 I got aw the news, far and nar,\*  
 Sae set off as fast's e could waddle.

In France they've but sworrofu' times,  
 For Bonnyprat's † nit as he sud be ;  
 America's nobbet sae sae ;  
 And England nit quite as she mud be :

\* See Note IV. † Bonaparte.



Sad wark there's amang blacks and wheytes,\*  
Sec tellin plain teales to their feaces,  
Wi' murders, and wars, and aw that—  
But, hod—I forget where the pleace is.

Our parson he gat drunk as muck,  
Then ledder'd aw t' lads round about him ;  
They said he was nobbet hawf reet,  
And fwok mud as weel be widout him.

The yell's to be fourpence a whart—  
Odswinge, lad, there will be rare drinking !  
Billy Pitt's mad as onie March hare,  
And niver was reet fwok are thinking.

A weddin we'll hev or it's lang,  
Wi' Bet Brag and lal Tommy Tagwally ;  
Jack Bunton's far off to the sea—  
It'll e'en be the deeth of our Sally ;

The clogger has bowt a new wig ;  
Dalston singers come here agean Sunday ;  
Lord Nelson's ta'en three Spanish fleets,  
And the dancin schuil opens on Monday.

Carel badgers are monstrous sad fwok,  
The silly peer de'ils how they wring up !  
Lal bairns ha'e got pox frae the kye,†  
And fact'ries, like mushrooms they spring up,

If they sud keep their feet for a while,  
And government nobbet pruive civil,  
They'll build up as hee as the muin,  
For Carel's a match for the deevil.

\* Alluding to the insurrection of the blacks. † Cow Pox.



The king's meade a bit of a speech,  
And gentlefwok say it's a topper ;  
An alderman deet tudder neet,  
Efter eatin' a turkey to supper.

Our squire's to be parliment man,  
Mess, lad, but he'll keep them aw busy !  
Whee thinks te's come heame i' the cwoach,  
Frae Lunnon, but grater-fac'd Lizzy.

The cock-feghts are ninth o' neist month,  
I've twee, nit aw England can bang them ;  
In Ireland they're aw up in arms,  
It's whop'd there's nee Frenchmen amang  
them,

A boggle's been seen wi' twee heads,\*  
Lord help us ! ayont Wully Carras,  
Wi' girt saucer een, and a tail—  
They dui say 'twas auld Jobby Barras.

The muin was at full this neet week ;  
The weather is turn'd monstrous daggy ;  
I' th' loft, just at seeven last neet,  
Lal Stephen sweethearted lang Aggy.

There'll be bonny wark bye and bye,  
The truth 'll be out, there's nee fear on't,  
But I niver say nought, nay, nit I,  
For fear hawf the parish sud hear on't.

Our Tib at the cwose-house has been,  
She tells us they're aw monstrous murry.  
At Carel the brig's tummel'd down,  
And they tek the fwok ovr in a whurry.

\* See Note V.

I carried our whye to the bull ;  
 They've ta'en seeven spies up at Dover :  
 My fadder compleens of his hip ;  
 And the Grand Turk has enter'd Hanover.

Daft Peg's got hersel, man, wi' bairn,  
 And silly Pilgarlic's the fadder ;  
 Lal Sim's geane and swapp'd the black cowt,  
 And cwoley has wurried the wedder.

My mudder has got frostet heels,  
 And peace is the talk of the nation,  
 For papers says varra neist week,  
 There's to be a grand humiliation. \*

Aunt Meable has lost her best sark,  
 And Cleutie is bleam'd varra mickle ;  
 Nought's seafe out o' duirs now-a-days,  
 Frae a millstone e'en down to a sickle.

The clock it streykes eight, I mun heame,  
 Or I's git a deuce of a fratchin.  
 When neist we've a few hours to spare,  
 We'll fin out what mischief's a hatchin.

July 5, 1807.

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#### BALLAD IV.

### THE WORTON WEDDING.

—O—  
 TUNE—" *Dainty Davy.*"  
 —O—

**O** sec a weddin I've been at ! †  
 De'il bin, what cap'rin, feghtin, vap'rin ! ‡  
 Priest and clerk, and aw gat drunk—  
 Rare deins there war there.

\* Illumination.

† See Note VI.

‡ See Note VII.

The *Thuirsky Lads* they fit the best,  
The *Worton Weavers* drank the meast ;  
But *Brough-seyde Lairds* bang'd aw the rest  
For braggin o' their gear,  
And singing—Whurry whum, whuddle  
whum,  
Whulty, whalty, wha, wha,  
wha,  
And derry dum, diddle dum,  
Derry eyden dee.

Furst helter skelter frae the kurk,  
Some off like fire thro' dub and mire ;  
“ Deil tek the hindmost !” Mere' lad cries—  
Suin head owre heels he flew.  
“ God speed ye weel,” the priest rwoar'd out,  
“ Or neet we's ha'e a hearty bout ;”  
Peer Meer' lad gat a bleaken'd snout,  
He'd mickle cause to rue—  
It spoil'd his—Whurry whum, &c.

When on the teable furst they set  
The butter'd sops, sec greasy chops,  
'Tween lug and laggen ! oh what fun  
To see them girn and eat !  
Then lispin Isbel talk'd sae feyne,  
“ 'Twas vathly thockin\* thuth to dine ;  
Theck griveth† wark to eat like thwayne ! ” ‡  
It made her sick to see't.  
Then we sung—Whurry whum, &c.

Neist stut'rin Cursty up he ruse,  
Wi' *a-a-a*, and *ba-ba-ba* ;  
He'd kiss Jen Jakes for aw lang seyne,  
And fearfu' wark meade he.  
But Cursty, souple gammerstang,

\* Vastly shocking. † Such grievous. ‡ Swine.

Ned Wulson brong his lug a whang ;  
Then owre he flew, the peets amang,  
And grean'd as he wad dee.  
But some sang—Whurry whum, &c.

Aunt Ester spoil'd the gurdle ceakes,  
The speyce left out was wrang, nae doubt ;  
Tim Trummel tuik nine cups o' tea,  
And fairly capp'd them aw.  
The kiss went roun ; but Sally Slee,  
When Trummel cleek'd her on his knee,  
She dunch'd and punch'd, cried "fuil, let be !"  
Then strack him owre the jaw.  
And we sang—Whurry whum, &c.

Far maist I leugh at Grizzly Brown,  
Frae Lunnon town she'd just come down,  
In furbelows and feyne silk gown—  
Oh, man, but she was crouse !  
Wi' Dick the footman she wad dance,  
And wonder'd people could so prance ;  
Then curtchey'd as they dui in France,  
And pautet like a geuse.  
While aw sang—Whurry whum, &c.

Young sour-milk Sawney, on the stuil,  
A whornpeype danc'd, and keav'd and pranc'd  
He slipp'd and brak his left-leg shin,  
And hirpl'd sair about :  
Then cocker Wully lap bawk heet,  
And in his clogs top teyme did beat ;  
But Tamer, in her stockin feet,  
She bang'd him out and out,  
And lilted—Whurry whum, &c.

Now aw began to talk at yence,  
O' naigs and kye, and wots and rye,  
And laugh'd and jwok'd, and cough'd and smuik'd  
And meade a fearfu' reek.

The furm it brak, and down they fell,  
Lang Isaac leam'd auld grandy Bell;  
They up, and drank het sugar'd yell,  
Till monie cudn't speak.

But some sang—Whurry whum, &c.

The breyde she kest up her accounts  
In Rachel' lap, then pou'd her cap;  
The parson' wig stuid aw ayy;

The clark sang Andrew Carr;  
Blin Staig, the fiddler, gat a whack,  
The bacon fleek fell on his back,  
And neist his fiddle-stick they brak,

'Twas weel it was nee war,

For he sang—Whurry whum, &c.

Now on the midden some were laid,

Aw havey, scavey, and kelavey;

The clogger and the teaylear fit,

Peer Snip get twee black een;

Dick Wawby he began the fray,

But Jemmy Moffat ran away,

And crap owre head amang the hay,

Fwok say nit varra clean;

Then they sang—Whurry Whum, &c.

Neist Windy Wull o' Wample seyde,

He bang'd them aw, beath girt and smaw;

He flang them east, he flang them west,

And bluidy pates they gat;

To him they war but caff and san ;  
He split the teable wi' his han,  
But in the dust wi' dancin Dan,  
They brunt his Sunday hat ;  
Then aw sang—Whurry whum, &c.

The breyde now thowt it time for bed ;  
Her stockin doff'd and flang 't quite soft—  
It hat Bess Bleane—Wull Webster blush'd  
And luik'd anudder way ;  
The lads down frae the loft did steal ;  
The parish howdy, Greacy Peel,  
She happ'd her up, aw wish'd her weel,  
Then whop'd to meet neist day,  
And sing her—Whurry Whum, &c.

The best on't was, the parson swore  
His wig was lost, a crown it cost,  
He belsh'd and heccupp'd in and out,  
He said it wasn't fair.  
Now day-leet it began to peep,  
The breydegruim off to bed did creep,  
I trow he waddn't mickle sleep,  
But, whisht !—I'll say nee mair,  
Nobbet sing—Whurry whum, &c.

July 10, 1802.





BALLAD V.  
**SALLY GRAY.**

—O—

TUNE—" *The mucking o' Gwordie's byre.*"

—O—

**C**OME, Deavie, I'll tell thee a secret,  
 But thou mun lock't up i' thee breast,  
 I waddn't for aw Dalston parish,  
 It com to the ears of the rest.  
 Now I'll hod te a bit of a weager,  
 A groat to thy tuppens I'll lay,  
 Thou cannot guess whee I's in luive wi',  
 And nobbet keep off *Sally Gray*.

There's Cumwhitton, Cumwhinton, Cumranton,  
 Cumrangen, Cumrew, and Cumcatch,  
 And monny mair cums i' the county,  
 But nin wi' Cumdivock can match :  
 It's sae neyce to luik owre the black pasture,  
 The fells abuin aw, far away—  
 There is nee sec pleace, nit in England,  
 For there lives the sweet *Sally Gray*.

I was sebenteen last Collop-Monday, \*  
 And she's just the varra seame yage ;  
 For ae kiss o' the sweet lips o' Sally,  
 I'd freely give up a year's wage.  
 For in lang winter neets when she's spinnin,  
 And singin about Jemmy Gray,  
 I keek by the hay-stack, and lissen,  
 For fain wad I see *Sally Gray*.

\* Note VIII.

Had tou seen her at kurk, man, last Sunday,\*  
  Tou cou'dn't ha'e thought o' the text;  
But she sat neist to Tom o' the Lonnin,  
  Tou may think that meade me quite vext.  
Then I pass'd her gawn owre the lang meadow,  
  Says I, "Here's a canny wet day!"  
I wad ha'e said mair, but how cou'd e,  
  When luikin at sweet *Sally Gray*.

I caw'd to sup cruds wi' Dick Miller,  
  And hear aw his cracks and his jwokes;  
The dumb wife was tellin their fortunes,†  
  What! I mud be like other fwokes.  
Wi' chalk on a pair of auld bellows,  
  Twee letters she meade in her way,  
S means *Sally* the wide warl owre,  
  And G stands for nought else but *Gray*.

O was I but lword o' the manor,  
  A nabob, or parliment man,  
What thousands on thousands I'd gi' her,  
  Wad she nobbet gi' me her han.  
A cwoach and six horses I'd buy her,  
  And gar fwok stan out o' the way,  
Then I'd lowp up behint like a footman—  
  Oh! the warl for my sweet *Sally Gray*.

They may brag o' their feyne Carel lasses,  
  Their feathers, their durtment, and leace;  
God help them! peer deeth-luikin bodies,  
  Widout a bid reed o' their feace!  
But *Sally's* just like allyblaster,  
  Her cheeks are twee rwose-buds in May—  
O lad! I cou'd sit here for ever,  
  And talk about sweet *Sally Gray*.

\* Note IX.

† See Note X.

July 24, 1802.



## BALLAD VI.

## WILL AND KATE.

—O—

TUNE—"John Anderson my jo."

—O—

**N**OW, Kate, full forty years ha'e flown \*  
Sin we met on the green ;  
Frae that to this, the saut, saut tear  
Has oft stuid i' my een.  
For when the bairns were some peet-heet,  
Tou kens I leam'd my knee—  
Lal toddlen things, in want o' bread—  
O that went hard wi' me !

Then tou wad cry, "Come, Wullie lad,  
Keep up thy heart—ne'er fear !  
Our bits o' bairns 'll scraffle up,  
Sae dry that sworry tear.  
There's Matthew's be an alderman,  
A bishop we'll mak Guy,  
Lal Ned sal be a clogger,  
Dick sal work for tee and I."

Then when our crops were spoil'd wi' rain,  
Sir Jwohn mud hev his rent ;  
What cud we de ? nee geer had we—  
Sae I to jail was sent.  
'Twas hard to starve i' sec a pleace,  
Widout a frien to trust ;  
But when I thought o' thee and bairns,  
My heart was like to brust.

\* See Note XI.

Neist Etty, God was pleas'd to tek;  
What then, we'd seeven stil;  
But whee kens what may happen—suin  
The smaw-pox did for Bill.  
I think I see his slee-black een,  
Then he wad chirm and talk,  
And say, ded, ded; mam, mam, and aw,  
Lang, lang ere he cud walk.

At Carel, when, for six pound ten,  
I selt twee Scotty kye,  
They pick'd my pocket i' the thrang,  
And de'il a plack had I.  
“Ne'er ack!” says tou, “we'll work for mair,  
It's time eneugh to fret;  
A pun o' sorrow wunnet pay  
Ae single ounce o' debt.”

Now, todlen down the hill o' leyfe,  
Auld yage has brought content;  
And, God be thank'd, our bairns are up,  
And pay Sir Jwohn his rent.  
When seyde by seyde aw day we sit,  
I often think and grieve,  
It's hard that deeth sud part auld fwok,  
When happy then can live.

*July 29, 1802.*



## BALLAD VII.

**THE IMPATIENT LASSIE.\***

—O—

TUNE,—“*Low down in the broom.*”

—O—

**D**EUCE tek the clock, click-clackin sae,  
 Still in a body's ear;  
 It tells and tells the time is past,  
 When Jwohnie sud been here.

Deuce tek the wheel, 'twill nit rin roun—  
 Nae mair to-neet I'll spin,  
 But count each minute wi' a seegh,  
 Till Jwohnie he steels in.

How neyce the spunky fire it burns,  
 For twee to sit beseyde!  
 And there's the seat where Jwohnie sits,  
 And I forget to cheyde!  
 My fadder, tui, how sweet he snwores!  
 My mudder fast asleep;  
 He promis'd oft; but oh! I fear  
 His word he wunnet keep!

What can it be keeps him frae me?  
 The ways are nit sae lang,  
 And sleet and snaw are nought at aw,  
 If yen were fain to gang!  
 Some ither lass, wi' bonnier feace,  
 Has catch'd his wicked e'e,  
 And I'll be pointed at at kurk—  
 Nay! suiner let me dee!

\* See Note XII.

O durst we lasses nobbet gang \*  
 And sweetheart them we leyke,  
 I'd rin to thee, my Jwohnie lad,  
 Nor stop at bog or deyke.  
 But custom's sec a silly thing,  
 For men mun hae their way,  
 And monnie a bonny lassie sit,  
 And wish frae day to day.

But whisht ! I hear my Jwohnie's fit—  
 Aye ! that's his varra clog !  
 He steeks the faul yeat softly tui—  
 O hang that cwoley dog !  
 Now, hey for seeghs and sugar words,  
 Wi' kisses nit a few—  
 O but this warl's a paradise,  
 When lovers they pruiue true !

July 31, 1802.

## BALLAD VIII.

### THE BUNDLE OF ODDITIES.

—O—

TUNE—"Fie, let us a' to the Bridal."

—O—

SIT down, and I'll count owre my sweet-  
 hearts,†  
 For faith a brave number I've had,  
 Sin I furst went to schuil wi' Dick Railton,  
 But Dick's in his greave, honest lad !

\* See Note XIII. † See Note XIV.

I mind, when he cross'd the deep watter,  
To get me the shilapple 'est  
How he fell owrehead, and I skirl'd sae,  
Then off we ran heame, sair distrest.

Then there was a bit of a teaylear,  
That work'd at our house a heale week,  
He was sheap'd aw the warl like a trippet,  
But niver a word durst he speak.  
I just think I see how he squinted  
At me, when we sat down to meat;  
Owre went his het keale on his blue breeks,  
And de'il a bit Snippy cud eat.

At partin he poud up his spirits,  
Says he, "Tou hes bodder'd my head,  
And it sheks yen to rags and to tatters  
To sew wi' a lang double thread."  
Then, in meakin a cwot for my fadder,  
(How luive dis the senses deceive)  
Forby usin marrowless buttons,  
To th' pocket-whol he stitch'd a sleeve.\*

The neist was a Whaker, caw'd Jacob,  
He turn'd up the wheyte o' his een,  
And talk'd about flesh and the spirit—  
Thowt I, what can *Gravity* mean?  
In dark winter neeghts, i' the lonnins,  
He'd weade thro' the durt 'buin his knee,  
It cuil'd his het heart; silly gander!  
And there let him stowter for me.

A lang blue-lipt chap, like a guide-pwost,  
(Lord help us and keep us frae harm!)  
Neist talk'd about car-gear and middens,  
And the reet way to manage a farm.

\* See Note XV.

'Twas last Leady Fair \* I leet on him,  
He grumbled, and spent half-a-crown ;  
God bless him ! hed he gowd i' gowpens,  
I wadn't hae hed sec a clown.

But stop ! there was lal wee deaf Dicky,  
Wad dance for a heale winter neet,  
And at me aw the time wad keep glowrin—  
Peer man, he was nobbet hawf reet !  
He grew jealous o' reed-headed Ellek,  
Wi' a feace like a full harvest muin ;  
Sae they fit till they just gat enough on't,  
And I laugh'd at beath when 'twas duin.

There's anudder worth aw put together—  
I could, if I wad, tell his neame—  
He gangs past our house to the market,  
And monie a time he's set me heame.  
O wad he but ax me this question,  
“ Will tou be my partner for life ? ”  
I'd answer widout ony blushes,  
And aye try to mek a guid wife,

*August 1, 1802.*

\* See Note XVI.



## BALLAD IX.

## LUCKLESS JONATHAN.

—O—  
TUNE—"Erin go bragh."  
—O—

**O** heale be thy heart! my peer merry auld  
cronie,  
And never may trouble draw tears frae  
thy e'e;

It's reet, when he can, man sud rise abuin  
sorrow,

For pity's nit common to peer fwok like me.  
When I think how we lap about mountain and  
meadow,

Like larks in a mwornin, a young happy pair,  
Then I luik at mysel, and I see but a shadow,  
That's suffer'd sae mickle, it cannot beyde  
mair.

Tou minds, when I buried my honest auld  
fadder,

O how cud I ever get owre that sad day!—  
His last words were, "Jonathan, luik to thy  
mudder,

And God 'll reward thee;"—nea mair cud  
he say.

My mudder she stuid, and she fain wad ha'e  
spoken,

But tears wadn't let her—O man, it was  
hard!—

She tuik till her bed, and just thurteen weeks  
efter,

Was laid down ayont him in Aikton kurk-  
yard.



My friend, Jemmy Gunston, went owre seas  
to Indie,

For me, his auld comrade, a venture he'd tak;  
I'd scrap'd up a lock money—he gat it—but  
leately

Poor Jemmy was puzzen'd, they say, by a  
black.

'Twas nit for my money I fretted, but Jemmy,  
I'll ne'er forget him, as lang as I've breath;  
He said, "Don't cry, mudder! I'll mek you a  
leady!"

But sairy auld Tamer! 'twill e'en be her death.

To mek bad far war, then I courted lal Matty,  
Her bonnie blue een, how they shot to my  
heart!

The neet niver com but I went owre to see her,  
And when the clock struck we were sworry  
to part.

An Aunt ayont Banton a canny house left her,  
(What but health and contentment can  
money nit buy?)

Wi' laird Hodgson o' Burgh\* off she canter'd  
to *Gretna*,

The varra seame mworn we our fortune sud  
try.

'Twas nobbet last Cursmas I fain wad be murry,  
Sae caw'd in Dick Toppin, Tom Clark, and  
Jwohn Howe;

We sung, and we crack'd, but lal thowt ere  
neist mwornin,

That aw our heale onset wad be in a lowe.  
They gat me poud out, and reet weel I remem-  
ber,

\* See Note XVII.



I stamp'd, ay, like mad, when the sad seet I  
 saw,  
 For that was the pleece my grandfadder was  
 bworn in, \*  
 Forbye my twee uncles, my fadder and aw.

Now, widout owther fadder, or mudder, or  
 sweetheart,  
 A friend, or a shelter to cover my head,  
 I mazle and wander, nor ken what I's dein,  
 And wad, (if I nobbet durst), wish I were dead.  
 Oheale be thy heart ! my peer merry old cronie,  
 And niver may trouble draw tears frae thye'e ;  
 It's reet, when he can, man sudrise abuin sorrow,  
 For pity's nit common to peer fwok like me.

*August 1, 1802.*

## BALLAD X.

### DICK WATTERS.

—O—

TUNE—"Crowdy."

—O—

**O**H, Jenny ! Jenny ! where's tou been ;  
 Thy fadder is just mad at tee ;  
 He seed somebody i' the croft,  
 And guldens as he'd worry me.

O monie are a mudders whopes,  
 And monie are a mudder's fears,  
 And monie a bitter, bitter pang,  
 Beath suin and late her bosom tears !

\* See Note XVIII.

We brong thee up, pat thee to schuil,  
And clad thee weel as peer fwok can ;  
We larn'd thee beath to dance and read,  
But now tou's crazy for a man.

O, monie, &c.

When tou was young, and at my knee,  
I dwoated on thee, day and neet ;  
But now tou's rakin, rakin still,  
And niver, niver i' thy seet.

O, monie, &c.

Tou's proud, and past aw guid adveyce—  
Yen mud as weel speak till a stean ;  
Still, still thy awn way, reet or wrang—  
Mess, but tou'll rue't when I am geane !

O, monie, &c.

*Dick Watters*, I ha e telt thee oft,  
Ne'er means to be a son o' mine ;  
He seeks thy ruin sure as deeth,  
Then like Bet Baxter tou may whine.

O, monie, &c.

Thy fadder's comin frae the croft,  
A bonny hunsup faith he'll mek ;  
Put on thy clogs and auld blue brat—  
Haste, Jenny, haste ! he lifts the sneck !

O, monie, &c.

*August 2, 1802.*



## BALLAD XI.

## THE LASS ABUIN THIRTY.

—O—

TUNE—" *Jocky's grey breeks.*"

—O—

I'VE wonder'd sin I kent mysel,  
What keeps the men fwok aw frae me ;  
I's as guid-like as cousin Tib,  
And she can ha'e her choice o' three.

For me, still moilin by mysel,  
Life's just a bitter widout sweets,  
The simmer brings nae pleasant days,  
And winter tires wi' lang, lang neets.

I had some whopes o' Wully yence,  
And Wully was the only yen ;  
I dreamt and dreamt about him lang,  
But whopes and Wully aw are geane,

A kiss he'd hev, I gev him twee,  
Reeght weel I mind amang the hay ;  
Neist time we met he glump'd and gloom'd,  
And turn'd his head anither way.

A feyne pink sash my uncle sent  
Frae Lunnon yence ; about my waist  
I wore't and wore't, but de'il a lad  
At me or sash a luik e'er cast.

My yellow gown I thought was sure  
To catch some yen at Carel Fair,  
But, oh, fareweel to gown and sash,  
I'll niver, niver wear them mair !

The throssle, when cauld winter's geane,  
Aye in our worchet welcomes spring—  
It mun be luive, did we but ken,  
Gars him aroun his partner sing.

The cock and hen, the duck and drake,  
Nay e'en the smawest birds that flee ;  
Ilk thing that lives can get a mate,  
Except sec sworry things as me.

I often think how married fwok  
Mun lead a sweet and happy life ;  
The prattlin bairns rin toddlin roun,  
And tie the husband to the wife.

Then, oh ! what joy when neet draws on !  
She meets him gangen frae his wark.  
But nin can tell what cheerfu' cracks  
The tweesome ha'e lang efter dark.

The wise man lives nit far frae this,  
I'll hunt him out suin as I can ;  
He telt Nan Dobson whee she'd wed,  
And I'm as likely, sure, as Nan.

But still, still moilin, by mysel,  
Life's just a bitter widout sweets ;  
The summer brings nae pleasant days,  
And winter tires wi' lang, lang neets !

*August 3, 1802.*



## BALLAD XII.

## TOM LINTON.

—o—

TUNE—"Come under my plaidie."

—o—

**T**OM Linton was bworn till a brave canny  
fortune,  
His auld fadder screap'd aw the gear up  
he cud ;  
But Tom, country booby, luik'd owre hee abuin  
him,  
And mix'd wi' the bad, nor e'er heeded the  
good.  
At the Town he'd whore, gammle, play hell,  
and the deevil,  
He wad hev his caper, nor car'd how it com.  
Then he mud hev his greyhounds, guns, setter,  
and hunter,  
And king o' the cockers they aw cursen'd  
Tom.

I think I just see how the lads wad flock roun  
him,  
And oh they were fain to shek Tom by the  
han !  
Then he'd tell how he fit wi' the barbers and  
bullies,  
And drank wi' the waiter till nowther cud  
stan.  
His watch he wad show, and his lists o' the  
horses,  
And pou out a guinea, and offer to lay,

Till our peer country lads grew uneasy and  
lazy,  
And Tom cud ha'e coax'd hawf the parish  
away.

Then he drank wi' the squire, and laugh'd wid  
his worship,  
And talk'd of the duke, and the deevil kens  
whee ;

He gat aw the new-fangl'd oaths i' the nation,  
And mock'd a peer beggar man wanting an  
e'e.

His fields they were mortgaged,—about it was  
whisper'd.

A farmer was robb'd nit owre far frae his  
house ;

At last aw was selt his auld fadder had toil'd  
for,

And silly Tom Linton left nit worth a sous.

His fortune aw spent, what ! he'd ha'e the laird's  
dowter,

But she pack'd him off wid a flee in his ear ;  
Neist thing, an auld comrade, for money Tom  
borrow'd

E'en pat him in prision, and bad him lig  
there.

At last he gat out, efter lang he had suffer'd  
And sair had repented the sad life he'd led ;  
Widout shoon till his feet, in a soldier's auld  
jacket,

He works on the turnpike reet hard for his  
bread.

Now folly seen into, ragg'd, peer, and down-  
hearted,

He toils and he frets, and keen want's daily  
press ;

If cronies ride by, wey, alas ! they've forgot him,  
For whee can remember auld friends in dis-  
tress ?

O pity, what pity, that, in every county  
Sae monie\* Tom Lintons may always be  
found !

Deuce tek aw girt nwotions, and whurligig  
fashions,

Contentment's a kingdom, aye, aw the warl  
round !

*August 4, 1802.*

### BALLAD XIII.

### THE HAPPY FAMILY.†

—O—

TUNE—"O'er bogie."

—O—

THE hollow blast blows owre the hill,  
And comin down's the sleet ;  
God help them, widout house or hauld,  
This dark and stormy neet !

Come, Jobby, gi'e the fire a prod,  
Then steek the entry duir ;  
It's wise to keep cauld winter out,  
When we ha'e't in our pow'r.

\* See Note XIX.

† See Note XX.



Heaste, Jenny ! put the bairns to bed,  
And mind they say their pray'rs ;  
Sweet innocents ! their heads yence down,  
They sleep away their cares !

But gi' them furst a butter-shag,  
When young, they munnet want,  
Nor ever sal a bairn o' mine,  
While I've a bite to grant.

O wife ! that weary rheumatism,  
E'en gars thee luik but thin ;  
I mind when tou was fresh and fair,  
And fattest o' thy kin.

But yage comes on, dui what we can,  
We munnet think it hard :  
A week at Gilsland tou salt try,  
Neist summer, if we're spar'd.

Now, seated at my awn fire-nuik,  
Content as onie king,  
For hawf an hour afwore we sleep,  
Bess, quit thy wark and sing.

Try that about the beggar lass,  
'Twill please thy mudder best,  
For she, tou kens, can always feel  
For peer fwok when distrest.

Nay, what its owre ! tou cannot sing,  
But weel I guess the cause ;  
Young Wulliam sud ha'e come to neet,  
Consider, lass, it snaws !





I think o' my playmates,\* dear imps, I lov'd  
best !

Now divided, like larks efter leaving the nest !  
How we trembl'd to schuil, and wi' copy and  
buik,

Oft read our hard fate in the maister's stèrn  
luik.

In summer let lowse, how we brush'd thro'  
the wood,

And meade seevy caps on the brink o' the flood,  
Or watch'd the seap-bubbles, or ran wi' the kite,  
Or lauch'd paper navies, how dear the delight.

There was *Jock Smith* the *boggle*, I mind him  
reet weel,

We twee to Blain's hay-loft together wad steal,  
And of giants, ghosts, witches, and faries oft  
read,

Till sae freeten'd, we hardly durst creep off to  
bed.

Then in winter we'd caw out the lasses to play,  
And tell them the muin shone as breet as the  
day ;

Or scamper, like wild things, at hunting the  
hare,

Tig-touch-wood, four corners, or twenty gams  
mair.

Then my fadder, God bless him ! at thurteen  
oft said,

“ My lad, I mun get thee a bit of a trade ;  
O, cud I afford it, mair larnin thou'd get ! ”

But peer was my fadder, and I's unlarned yet.

\* See Note XXII.

And then my furst sweetheart, an angel was  
she !

But I only meade luive thro' the tail o' my e'e.  
I mind when I met her I panted to speak,  
But stood silent, and blushes spread aw owre  
my cheek.

At last, aw the play-things o' youth laid aside,  
Now luive, whope, and fear did my moments  
divide,

And wi' restless ambition deep sorrow began,  
But I sigh to trace onward frae boy to the man.  
To memory dear are the days o' yen's youth.

hen enraptur'd, we luik'd at ilk object wi'  
Wtruth,

And, like fairies, a thousand wild frolics we  
play'd—

But manhood has chang'd what youth fondly  
pourtray'd.

*August 5, 1802.*

## BALLAD XV.

### PEACE.

—O—

TUNE—" *There's nae luck about the house.*"

—O—

**N**OW, God be praised, we've peace at last,  
For Nichol he's been down,  
And sec a durdum, Nichol says,  
They've had in Lunnon town.

The king thought war wad ruin aw,  
And Bonnyprat the seame,  
And some say teane, and some say beath  
Ha'e long been much to bleame.

Now monie a wife will weep for joy,\*  
And monie a bairn be fain  
To see the fadders they'd forgot,  
Come safe and sound again.  
And monie a yen will watch in vain,  
Wi' painfu' whopes and fears,  
And oft the guilty wretches bleame,  
That set fwok by the ears.

My cousin Tommy went to sea,  
And lost his left-hand thum;  
He tells sec teales about the fight,  
They mek us aw sit dum.  
He says its reet fearfu' wark,  
For them that's fworc'd to see't—  
The bullets whuzzing past yen's lugs,  
And droppin down like sleet.

But Peter, our peer sarvent man,  
Was far owre proud to work;  
They said a captain he sud be,  
Alang wi't' Duke o' York.  
Wi' powder'd head away he march'd,  
And gat a wooden leg;  
But monie a time he's rued sin-syne,  
For now he's fworc'd to beg.

Ay, but our Sally wull be fain,  
Sud Lanty but come back!  
Then owre the fire, i' winter neets,  
We wull ha'e monie a crack.

\* See Note XXI.

He'll tell us aw the ins and outs,  
For he can write and read ;  
But Sally's heart for sure 'll brek,  
If he's amang the dead.

O ! but I us'd to wonder much,  
And think what thousands fell ;  
Now what they've aw been feghtin for,  
The de'il a yen can tell.  
But, God be prais'd ! we've peace at last,  
The news has spread afar ;  
O may our bairns and bairns' bairns hear  
Nae mair o' murd'rous war !

*August 6, 1802.*

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## BALLAD XVI.

### THE CUMBERLAND FARMER.

—o—

I'VE thought and I've thought, ay agean  
and agean,  
Sin I was peet-heet, now I see it quite plain,  
That farmers\* are happier far, tho' we're peer,  
Than thur they caw gentlefwok, wi' aw their  
gear.

Then why about riches aye mek sec a fuss,  
Gi'e us meat, drink, and cleeding, it's plenty  
for us.

Frae the prince to the ploughman, ilk hes but  
his day,

And when Deeth gi'es a beckon we aw mun  
obey.

\* See Note XIII.

There's our squire, wi' his thousands, jant  
jantin about

What! he'd gi'e aw his gear to get shot o' the  
gout:

Nowther heart-ach nor gout e'er wi' rakin had I,  
For labour brings that aw his gold cannot buy.  
Then he'll say to me "Jacob, thou whussels  
and sings,

Mess, lad, but you've ten times mair pleasure  
than kings;

I mean honest simplicity, freedom, and health;  
These are dearer to man than the trappins o'  
wealth."

Can ought be mair sweet than, like larks in  
a mworn.

Torise wi' the sunshine, and luik at the cworn?  
Tho' in winter, its true, dull and lang are the  
neets,

But thro' life fwok mun aye tek the bitters wi'  
sweets.

When God grants us plenty, and hous'd are  
the crops,

How we feast on cruds, collops, and guid butter-  
sops.

Let your feyne fwok in town brag o' dainties  
whee will,

Content and the country for my money still.

They may tell o' their gardens as lang as they  
like,

Don't the flow'rs blum as fair under ony  
thworn dike?

The de'il a guid bite they wad e'er git I trow,

Wer't not for the peer man that follows the  
plough.

If we nobbet git plenty to pay the laird's rent,  
And keep the bairns teydey, we aye sleep content ;

Then, ye girt little fwok, niver happy in town,  
Blush, blush, when ye laugh at a peer country clown.

August 25, 1870.

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BALLAD XVII.

**THE DISAPPOINTMENT.**

—O—

TUNE—"Etrick banks."

—O—

THE muin shone breet at nine last neet,  
When Jemmy Sharp com owre the muir.  
Weel did I ken a lover's fit,  
And heard him softly tap the duir.  
My fadder started i' the nuik ;  
"Rin, Jenny ! see what's that," he said.  
I whisper'd, "Jemmy, come to-mworn,"  
And then a leame excuse suin meade.

I went to bed, but cudn't sleep,  
This luive sae breks a body's rest,  
The mwornin dawn'd, then up I gat,  
And seegh'd, and aye luik'd tow'rd the west.  
But when far off I saw the wood,  
Where he unlock'd his heart to me,  
I thought o' monie a happy hour,  
And then a tear gush'd frae my e'e



To-neet my fadder's far frae heame,  
 And wunnet come this three hours yet !  
 But, O ! it pours, and I'd be leath  
 That Jemmy sud for me get wet !  
 Yet, if he dis, guid heame-brew'd yell  
 Will warm his cheerfu' honest heart ;  
 Wi' him, my varra life o' life !  
 I's fain to meet, but leath to part.

*August 28, 1802.*

### BALLAD XVIII.

## AULD MARGET.

—o—

**A**ULD Marget in the fauld she sits,  
 And spins, and sings, and smuiks by fits,  
 And cries, as she had lost her wits—  
 “ O this weary, weary warl ! ” \*

Yence Marget was as lish a lass  
 As e'er in summer trod the grass ;  
 But fearfu' changes come to pass  
 In this weary, weary warl !

Then at a murry-neet or fair,  
 Her beauty made the young fwok stare ;  
 Now wrinkl'd is that feace wi' care—  
 O this weary, weary warl !

Yence Marget she had dowters twee,  
 And bonnier lasses cudna be ;  
 Now nowther kith nor kin has she—  
 O this weary, weary warl !

\* See Note XXIV.

The eldest, wi' a soldier gay,  
Ran frae her heame ae luckless day,  
And e'en lies buried far away—  
O this weary, weary warl!

The youngest she did nought but whine,  
And for the lads wad fret and pine,  
Till hurried off by a decline—  
O this weary, weary warl!

Auld Andrew toil'd reet sair for bread;  
Ae neet they fan him cauld, cauld dead,  
Nae wonder that turn'd Marget's head—  
O this weary, weary warl!

Peer Marget! oft I pity thee,  
Wi' care-worn cheek and hollow e'e,  
Bow'd down by yage and poverty—  
O this weary, weary warl!

*August 28, 1802.*

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## BALLAD XIX.

### FIRST LUIVE

—O—

TUNE,—“*Cold and raw.*”

—O—

**I**T'S just three weeks sin Carl fair,  
This sixteenth o' September;  
There the furst loff of a sweetheart I gat,  
Sae that day I'll remember.

This luive meks yen stupid—ever sin-syne  
I's thinkin and thinking o' Wully ;  
I dung owre the knob, and scawder'd my fit,  
And cut o' my thum wi the gully.

O how he danc'd ! and O how he talk'd !  
For my life I cannot forget him ;  
He wad hev a kiss—I gev him a slap—  
But if he were here I'd let him.

Says he, “ Mally Maudlin, my heart is thine ! ”  
And he brong sec a seegh, I believ'd him.  
Thought I, Wully Wintrep, thou's welcome to  
mine,  
But my head I hung down to deceive him.

Twree yards o' reed ribbon to wear for his seake,  
Forby ledder mittens, he bought me ;  
But when we were thinking o' nought but luive,  
My titty, de'il bin ! com and sought me.

The deuce tek aw clashes ! off she ran heame,  
And e'en telt my tarn'd auld mudder ;  
There's sec a te-dui—but let them fratch on—  
Miss him, I'll ne'er get sec anudder !

Neist Sunday, God wullin ! we promis'd to meet,  
I'll get frae our tweesome a baitin ;  
But a lee mun patch up, be't rang or be't reet,  
For Wully he sha'not stan waitin.

The days may seem lang, and lang are the neets,  
And, waes me ! this is but Monday !  
I seegh, and I think, and I say to mysel,  
O that to-morrow were Sunday !

*September 16, 1802.*

BALLAD XX.  
**L A L S T E P H E N .**

—O—

TUNE—"Hallow Fair."

—O—

**L**AL STEPHEN \* was bworn at Kurkbanton,  
 Just five feet three inches was he ;  
 But at ploughin, or mowin, or shearin,  
 His match you but seldom cud see.

Then at dancin, O he was a capper !  
 He'd shuffle and lowp till he sweat ;  
 And for singin he ne'er had a marrow,  
 I just think I hear his voice yet.

And then wid a sleate and a pencil,  
 He capp'd aw our learned young lairds ;  
 And play'd on twee jew-trumps together,  
 And aye com off winner at cards.

At huntin a brock, or an otter,  
 At trackin a fougert or hare,  
 At pitten a cock, or at shootin,  
 Nae lad cud wi' Stephen compare.

And then he wad fecht like a fury,  
 And count, fast as hops, aw the stars ;  
 And read aw the news i' the paper,  
 And talk about weddins and wars.

And then he wad drink like a Briton,  
 And spend the last penny he had ;  
 And aw the peer lasses about him,  
 For Stephen were runnin stark mad.

\* See Note XXV

Our Jenny she writ him a letter,  
And monie a feyne thing she said.  
But my fadder he just gat a gliff on't,  
And faith a rare durdum he meade.

Then Debby, that liv'd at Drumleenin,  
She wad hev him aw till hersel,  
For ae neet when he stuil owre to see her,  
Wi' sugar she sweetn'd his keale.

Then Judy she darn'd aw his stockins,  
And Sally she meade him a sark,  
And Lizzy, the laird's youngest dowter,  
Kens weel whee she met efter dark.

Aunt Ann, o' the wrang seyde o' fifty,  
E'en thought him the flow'r o' the flock—  
Nay, to count yen by yen aw his sweethearts,  
Wad tek a full hour by the clock.

O! but I was vex'd to hear tell on't,  
When Nichol the teydins he brought,  
That Stephen was geane for a sowdger—  
Our Jenny she gowl'd, ay, like ought.

Sin' that we've nea spwort efter supper,  
We nowther get sang or a crack;  
Our lasses sit beytin their fingers,  
Aw wishin for Stephen seafe back.

*November 15, 1802.*



## BALLAD XXI.

## THE BASHFU' WOOER.

—O—

TUNE—"Dainty Davy."

—O—

**W**HENE'ER ye come to woo me, Tom,  
Dunnet at the window tap,  
Or cough, or hem, or gi'e a clap,  
To let my fadder hear man.  
He's auld, and feal'd, and wants his sleep,  
Sae by the hallan softly creep,  
Ye need nae watch, and glowre and peep,  
I'll meet ye, niver fear man.

If a lassie ye wou'd win,  
Be cheerfu' iver, bashfu' niver ;  
Ilka Jock may get a Jen,  
If he has sense to try, man.

Whene'er we at the market meet,  
Dunnet luik like yen hawf daft,  
Or talk about the cauld and heat,  
As ye were weather-wise, man.  
Hod up your head, and bauldly speak,  
And keep the blushes frae yer cheek,  
For he whee hes his teale to seek,  
We lasses aw despise, man.  
If a lassie, &c.

I met ye leately, aw yer leane,  
Ye seem'd like yen stown frae the deed,  
Yer teeth e'en chatter'd i' yer head,  
But ne'er a word o' luive, man.

I spak, ye luik'd anudder way,  
Then trimmel'd as ye'd got a flay,  
And owre yer shou'der cried, "guid day,"  
Nor yence to win me struive, man.  
If a lassie, &c

My aunty left me threeswore pun,  
But de'il a yen of aw the men,  
Till then, did bare-legg'd Elcy ken,  
Or care a stree for me, man ;  
Now, tiggin at me suin and late,  
They're cleeking but the yellow bait ;  
Yet, mind me, Tom, I needn't wait,  
When I ha'e choice o' three, man.  
If a lassie, &c.

There lives a lad owre yonder muir,  
He hes nae faut but yen—he's puir ;  
Whene'er we meet, wi' kisses sweet,  
He's like to be my deeth, man ;  
And there's a lad ahint yon trees,  
Wad weade for me abuin the knees :  
Sae tell your mind, or, if ye please,  
Nae langer fash us beath, man.  
If a lassie, & .

*Jan. 5, 1803.]*





## BALLAD XXII.

## THE AUNTY.

—O—

WE'VE roughness amang hands, we've  
kye i' the byre,  
Come live wi' us, lassie, it's aw I desire ;  
I'll lig i' the loft, and gi'e my bed to thee,  
Nor sal ought else be wantin that guidness  
can gi'e.  
Sin the last o' thy kin, thy peer aunty, we've  
lost  
Thou freets aw the day, and e'en luiks like a  
ghost.

I mind, when she sat i' the nuik at her wheel,  
How she'd tweyne the slow thread, and aye  
counsel us weel.  
Then oft whisper me, "Thou wad mek a top  
wife,  
And pray God to see thee weel sattl'd for life ;"  
Then what brave funny teales she cud tell the  
neet through,  
And wad bless the peer fwok, if the stormy  
win blew.

That time when we saunter'd owre leate at the  
town,  
'Twas the day, I weel mind, when tou gat thy  
chintz gown,  
For the watters were up, and pick dark was  
the neet,

And she lissen'd and cry'd, and thought aw  
was'nt reet.

But, oh ! when you met, what a luik did she  
give !

I can niver forget her as lang as I live.

How I like thee, dear lassie ! thou's oft heard  
me tell ;

Nay, I like the far better than I like mysel ;  
And when sorrow forseakes thee, to kurk we'll  
e'en gang,

But tou munnet sit pinin thy leane aw day  
lang ;

Come owre the geate, lassie, my titty sal be  
A companion to her that's aye dearest to me.

*January 6, 1803.*

### BALLAD XXIII.

## THE RURAL VISIT.

—O—

TUNE,—“*The sutor's dowter.*”

—O—

**I** Went to see young Susy,  
Bonny, teydey, blithe was she ;  
I slyly kiss'd her cherry lips,  
And mark'd the magic o' her e'e,  
That in my fancy rais'd desire.

But purer passion never burn'd  
In onie lover's bosom ;  
And aye may sorrow wet his cheek,  
Who'd crush sae rare a blossom.

And now the rwsie lassie  
The cleath she laid, and teable spread  
Wi' monie a dainty quickly,  
And monie a welcome thing she said ;  
But nit sae sweet the honeycwom.

As Susy's temptin cherry lips,  
That fir'd at once my bosom  
O may no rude destroyer dare  
To crop sae fair a blossom !

And now, to greet the stranger,  
The wearied auld fwok dander'd heame,  
And village news recounted ;  
The guid man bade his sonsy deame  
Trim up the fire and mek the tea.

The gurdle-cakes, as Susy turn'd,  
I watch'd her heaving bosom,  
And pleasure beam'd in ilka feace,  
To see sae sweet a blossom.

And now, to please the auld fwok,  
The sang and teale went gaily round,  
Till Neet had drawn her curtain  
Some five full hours ; I ruse and fan  
Young Susy half consenting,

To set me out a mile o'geate ; \*  
I held her to my bosom,  
And parting, kiss'd, and pray'd kind Heav'n  
To guard the beauteous blossom.

*January 8, 1830.*

\* See Note XXVI.

## BALLAD XXIV.

## WATTY.

—O—

TUNE,—“*The lads o’ Dunce.*”

—O—

**I**F you ax where I come frae, I say the fell  
seyde,  
Where fadder and mudder, and honest fwok  
beyde ;

And my sweetheart, O bless her ! she thought  
nin leyke me,

For when we shuik hands the tear gush’d frae  
her e’e.

Says I, “I mun e’en get a spot if I can,  
“But, whatever beteyde me, I’ll think o’ thee,  
Nan.”

Nan was a perfect beauty, wi’ twee cheeks  
like codlin blossoms ; the varra seet on her  
meade my mouth aw watter. “Fares-to-  
weel, Watty!” says she ; “‘tou’s a wag  
amang t’ lasses, and I’ll see thee nae mair!—  
“Nay, dunnet gowl, Nan !” says I,

“For, mappen, ere lang, I’s be maister mysel.”  
Sae we buss’d, and I tuik a last luik at the fell.

On I whussl’d and wonder’d—my bundle I  
flung

Owre my shou’dler, when Cwoley he efter me  
sprung,

And howl’d, silly fellow ! and fawn’d at my fit,  
As if to say, Watty, we munnet part yet !

At Carel I stuid wi’ a strae i’ my mouth,\*

And they tuik me, nae doubt, for a promisin  
youth.

\* See Note XXVII.

The weyves com roun me in clusters;  
“What weage dus te ax, canny lad” seys  
yen. “Wey, three pun and a crown;  
wunnet beate a hair o’ my beard.”—“What  
can te dui?” says anudder. “Dui! wey I  
can plough, sow, mow, sheer, thresh, dike,  
milk, kurn, muck a byre, sing a psalm, mend  
car-gear, dance a whornpeype, nick a naig’s  
tail, hunt a brock, or feght iver a yen o’ my  
weight in aw Croglin parish.”

An auld bearded hussey suin caw’d me her man;  
But that day, I may say’t, aw my sorrows be-  
gan.

Furst Cwoley, peer fellow! they hang’d i’ the  
street,  
And skinn’d, God forgi’e them! for shoon to  
their feet.  
I cry’d, and they caw’d me peer half-witted  
clown,  
And banter’d and follow’d me aw up and down.  
Neist my deame she e’en starved me, that  
niver liv’d weel;  
Her hard words and luiks wou’d ha’e freetn’d  
the de’il:—

She had a lang beard, for aw t’ warl like  
a billy goat, wi’ a kiln-dried frosty feace;  
and the smawest leg o’ mutton in aw Carel  
market sarrad the cat, me, and her for a  
week. The bairns meade sec gam on us,  
and thundr’d at the rapper, as if to waken a  
corp. When I opened the duir, they threw  
stour i’ my een, and caw’d me daft Watty.

Sae I pack'd up my duds when my quarter was  
out,  
And, wi' weage i' my pocket, I saunter'd about.

Suin my reet-hand breek pocket they pick'd in  
a fray,  
And wi' fifteen whyte shillings they slipp'd  
clean away,  
Forby my twee letters frae mudder and Nan,  
Where they said Carel lasses wad Watty trapan.  
But 'twould tek a lang day just to tell what I  
saw,  
How I sceap'd frae the gallows, the sowdgers  
and aw.

Ay, there were some forgery chaps bad me  
just sign my neame. "Nay," says I, "you've  
gotten a wrang pig by the lug, for I canno  
write." Then a fellow like a lobster, aw  
leac'd and feather'd, ax'd me, "Watty wull  
te list? thou's owther be a general or a  
gomoral."—"Nay I wunnet—that's plain.  
I's content wi' a cwoat o' mudder's spinnin."

Now, wi' twee groats and tuppence, I'll e'en  
toddle heame,  
But ne'er be a sowdger wheyle Watty's my  
neame.

How my mudder 'll gowl, and my fadder 'll  
stare,  
When I tell them peer Cwoley they'll niver see  
mair;  
Then they'll bring me a stuil;—as for Nan,  
she'll be fain,  
When I kiss her, God bless her, agean and  
agean!



The barn and the byre, and the auld hollow  
tree,  
Will just seem like cronies yen's fidgin to see.

The sheep 'll nit ken Watty's voice now !  
The peat-stack we us'd to lake roun 'll be  
brunt ere this ! As for Nan, she'll be owther  
married or broken hearted ; but sud aw be  
weel at Croglin, we'll ha'e feastin, fiddlin,  
dancin, drinkin, singin, and smuikin, aye,  
till aw's blue about us.

Amang aw our neybors sec wonders I'll tell,  
But niver mair leave my auld friens or the fell.

*January 10, 1808.*

## BALLAD XXV.

### JENNY'S COMPLAINT.

—O—

TUNE—"Nancy's to the greenwood gane."

—O—

**L**ASS ! I've fearfu' news to tell !  
What thinks te's come owre Jemmy ?  
The sowdgers hav e'en pick'd him up,  
And sent him far, far frae me.

To Carel he set off wi' wheat ;  
Them ill reed-cwoted fellows  
Suin wil'd him in \*—then meade him drunk ;  
He'd better geane to th' gallows.

The varra seet o' his cockade,  
It sets us aw a-cryin ;  
For me, I fairly fainted tweyce ;  
Tou may think that was tryin.

\* See Note XXVIII



My fadder wad ha'e paid the smart,  
And show'd a gowden guinea,  
But, lack-a-day ! he'd kiss'd the buik,  
And that 'll e'en kill Jenny.

When Nichol tells about the wars,  
It's war than deeth to hear him ;  
I oft steal out, to hide my tears,  
And cannot, cannot bear him.

For aye he jeybes, and cracks his jwokes,  
And bids me nit forsake him ;  
A brigadier, or grandidier,  
He says, they're sure to meake him.

If owre the stibble fields I gang,  
I think I see him ploughin,  
And ev'ry bit o' bread I eat,  
It seems o' Jemmy's sowin.

He led the varra cwoals we burn,  
And when the fire I's leetin,  
To think the peats were in his hands,  
It sets my heart a beatin.

What can I de ? I nought can de,  
But whinge, and think about him.  
For three lang years he follow'd me,  
Now I mun live widout him !

Brek, heart, at yence, and then it's owre !  
Life's nought widout yen's dearie.  
I'll siun lig in my cauld, cauld grave,  
For, oh ! of life I'm weary !

*April 19, 1803.*

## BALLAD XXVI.

**MATTHEW MACREE.**

—O—

TUNE—"The wee pickle tow."

—O—

**I**N I furst work'd a sampleth at Biddy  
 Forsyth's,  
 I ne'er saw the marrow o' Matthew  
 Macree ;\*

For down his braid back hing his lang yallow  
 locks,

And he hes sec a cast wi' his bonny grey e'e ;  
 Then he meks us aw laugh, on the stuil when  
 he stands,

And acts like the players, and gangs wi' his  
 hands,

And talks sec hard words as nit yen under-  
 stands—

O, what a top scholar is Matthew Macree !

'Twas nobbet last Easter his cock wan the  
 main,

I stuid i' the ring, rejoicin to see ;  
 The bairns they aw shouted, the lasses were  
 fain,

And the lads o' their shou'ders bore  
 Matthew Macree.

Then at lowpin he'll gang a full yard owre them  
 aw,

And at rustlin, whilk aw them dare try him a  
 faw,

And whee is't that aye carries off the fit-baw,  
 But the king of aw Cumberland, Matthew  
 Macree.

\* See Note XXIX.

That time when he fit full twee hours at the  
fair,

And lang Jemmy Smith gat a famish black  
e'e ;

Peer Jemmy I yence thought wad niver paw  
mair,

And I was reet sworrie for Matthew Macree.  
Then he wad shek the bull-ring, and brag the  
heale town,

And to fecht, rin, or russle, he pat down a  
crown.

Saint Gworge, the girt champion, o' fame and  
renown,

Was nobbet a waffler to Matthew Macree,

On Sundays, in bonny wheyte weastcwoat when  
dress'd,

He sings i' the kurk, what a topper is he !

I hear his strang voice far abuin aw the rest,

And my heart still beats time to Matthew  
Macree.

Then his feyne eight-page ditties, and garlands  
sae sweet,

They mek us aw merry the lang winter neet ;

But, when he's nit amang us, we niver seem  
reet,

Sae fond are the lasses o' Matthew Macree.

My fadder he left me a house on the hill,

And I's git a bit lan sud my aunty dee,

Then I'll wed bonny Matthew whenever he will,

For gear is but trash widout Matthew  
Macree.

We'll try to shew girt fwok content in a cot,  
 And when in our last heame togther we've got,  
 May our bairns and their neybor's oft point to  
 the spot,

Where lig honest Matthew and Jenny Macree.

June 12, 1803.

## BALLAD XXVII.

### CALEP CROSBY.

—O—

TUNE—"Auld Rob Morris."

—O—

**O** Wife! I wad fain see our Sukey dui reet,  
 But she's out wi' the fellows, aye neet  
 efter neet.

Them that's fash'd wi' nae bairns iver happy  
 mun be,

For we've yen, and she's maister o' beath thee  
 and me!

I can't for the life o' me get her to work,\*  
 Nor aw the lang Sunday to ga near a kurk,  
 Nor frae week en to week en a chapter to reed,  
 For the Bible ligs stoury abuin the duir head.

She yence cud ha'e crammel'd, and writ her  
 awn neame,

And, Sunday and warday, was teydey at heam,  
 Now to see her whol'd stockins, her brat, and  
 her gown,

She's a shem and a byzen to all the heale town.

\* See Note XXX.

O wad she be guided, and stick till her wheel,  
There's nin kens how fain I wad see her dui  
weel ;

For she's thy varra picture, and aw that we  
have,

But thur neets' warks 'll bring my grey hairs  
to the grave.

'Twas nobbet last week, in a passion I flew,  
And gev her a trouncin—but sair did I rue ;  
Then I bade her e'en pack up her duds, and  
we'd part,

For to strike my awn bairn it justs breks my  
auld heart.

There's that ill Calep Crosby, he's niver away  
He's gleymin and watching her beath neet and  
day ;

Sud he come i' my clutches a ken-guid he's get,  
For, tho' auld, leame, and feeble, I'll maister  
him yet.

I'll away owre to\* Whitten\* a press-gang to seek,  
And they's lig him in irons, aye this varra week.  
On his back he may tie her, a donnet is she,  
And sha'not be maister o' beath thee and me !

*July 2, 1803.*

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### BALLAD XXVIII.

## FECKLESS WULLY.

—O—

**W**EE Wully wuns on yonder brow,  
And Wully he has dowters twee ;  
But nought cud feckless Wully dui,  
To get them sweethearts weel to see.

\* Whitehaven.

For Meg she luik'd baith reet and left,  
Her een they bwor'd a body thro' ;  
And Jen was deaf, and dun, and daft,  
And de'il a yen com there to woo.

The neybor's wink'd, the neybors jeer'd  
The neybors flyr'd at them in scworn,  
And monie a wicked trick they play'd  
Peer Meg and Jen, beath neet and mworn,

As Wully went ae day to wark,  
He kick'd a *summet* wid his shoe ;  
And Wully glowr'd, and Wully girn'd,  
“Guide us!” quoth he, “what ha’e we now?”

And Wully cunn'd owre six scwore pun,  
And back he ran wi' nimmle heel,  
And aye he owre his shou'der glym'd,  
And thought he'd dealins wi' the deil.

And Wully's bought a reet snug house,  
And Wully's bought a bit o' lan ;  
And Meg and Jen are trig and crouse,  
Sin he the yellow pwokie fan.

Nae mair the neybors wink and jeer,  
But aw shek hans wi' them, I trow ;  
And ilk yen talks o' William's gear,  
For Wully's chang'd to William now.

And some come east, and some come west,  
And some come monie a mile to woo ;  
And Meg luiks straight, and Jen hes sense,  
And we aw see what gear 'll dui.



Ye rich fwok aw, ye'll aye dui reet ;  
 Ye peer fwok aw, ye'll aye dui wrang ;  
 Let wise men aw say what they will,  
 It's money meks the meer to gang.

July 3, 1803.

## BALLAD XXIX.

### THE BLECKELL MURRY-NEET.

—O—

**A**Y, lad ! sec a murry-neet we've hed at  
 Bleckell,\*  
 The sound o' the fiddle yet rings i' my  
 ear ;

Aw reet clipt and heel'd were the lads and the  
 lasses,

And monie a cliver lish hizzey was there.  
 The bettermer swort sat snug i' the parlour,  
 I' th' pantry the sweethearts cutter'd sae  
 soft ;

The dancers they kick'd up a stour i' the kit-  
 chen ;

At lanter the caird-lakers sat i' the loft.

The clogger o' Dawston's a famish top hero,  
 And bangs aw the player-fwok twenty to yen,  
 He stamp'd wid his fit, and he shouted and  
 royster'd,

Till the sweat it ran off at his varra chin en ;  
 Then he held up a han like the spout of a tea-  
 pot,

And danc'd cross the buckle and leather-te-  
 patch ;

\* See Note XXXI.



When they cried, "bonny Bell," he lap up to  
the ceilin,  
And aye crack'd his thums for a bit of a  
fratch.

The Hivverby lads at fair drinkin are seypers;  
At cockin the Dawstoners niver were bet;  
The Buckabank chaps are reet famish sweet-  
hearters,

Their kisses just sound like the sneck of a yeat.  
The lasses o' Bleckell are sae monie angels,  
The Cummersdale beauties aye glory in fun;  
God help the peer fellow that glymes at them  
dancing,  
He'll steal away heartless as sure as a gun!

The 'bacco was strang, and the yel it was  
lythey,  
And monnie a yen bottom'd a quart like a  
kurn;

Daft Fred', i' the nuik, like a hawf-rwoasted  
deevil,  
Telt sly smutty stwories, and meade them aw  
gurn.

Then yen sung "*Tom Linton*," anudder "*Dick  
Watters*,"

The auld farmers bragg'd o' their fillies and  
fwoals,  
Wi' Jeybin and jwokin, and hotchin and  
laughin,

Till some thought it time to set off to the  
cwoals.

But, hod! I forgat—when the clock strack  
eleeben,  
The dubbler was brong in wi' wheyte breed  
an brown,

The gully was sharp, the girt cheese was a  
topper,

And lumps big as lapsteans our lads gobbl'd  
down.

Aye the douse dapper lanlady cried, "Eat and  
welcome!

I' God's neame step forret; nay, dunnet be  
bleate!"

Our guts aw weel pang'd, we buck'd up for blin  
Jenny,

And neist paid the shot on a girt powder  
plate.

Now full to the thropple, wi' head-warks and  
heart-aches,

Some crap to the clock-case instead o' the  
duir;

Then sleepin and snworin tuik place o' their  
rworin,

And tean abuin tudder they laid on the fluir.

The last o' December, lang, lang, we'll remem-  
ber,

At five i' the mworn, eighteen hundred and  
twee;

Here's health and success to the brave Jwohny  
Dawston,

And monie sec meetins may we live to see!

*July, 4, 1803.*



## BALLAD XXX.

## THE DELIGHTS OF LOVE.

—o—

TUNE—"Farewell to Bamf."

—o—

THE summer sun was out o' seet,  
 His partin beams danc'd on the fluid ;  
 The fisher watch'd the silver fry,  
 As i' the stream he bending stuid ;  
 The blackburd mourn'd the clowsin day,  
 And caw'd his partner to his nest ;  
 When I up Caldew tuik my way,  
 And met the lass I aye like best.

I gaz'd upon her matchless feace,  
 That fairer than a lily seem'd ;  
 I mark'd the magic o' her e'e,  
 That wi' luive's powerfu' leetnin beam'd ;  
 I saw her cheek of breetest red,  
 That, blushing, telt a lover's pain,  
 And seiz'd a kiss, if 'twas a crime,  
 Ye Gods ! oft may I sin again !

Fast flew the hours—now ruse the muin,  
 And telt us it was time to part.  
 I set her to her mudder's duir,  
 She whisper'd low, "Thou's stown my heart !"  
 I thro' the lattice stule a glance,  
 And heard her angry mudder chide,  
 Then thought of aw a parent's cares,  
 As frae her cottage heame I hied.

I've teasted pleasures dearly bought,  
 And read mankind in monie a page;  
 But woman, woman, sweetens life,  
 Frae giddy youth to feeble age.  
 Ye fuils, aye court coy Fortune's smile;  
 Ye rakes, in quest of pleasure rove;  
 Ye drunkards, drown each sense in wine;  
 Be mine the dear delights of love!

July 8, 1803.

## BALLAD XXXI.

### RUTH.

—O—

TUNE—"My auld guidman."

—O—

**T**HE crackets were chirpin on the hearth;  
 Our wife reel'd gairn, and sat i'th nuik;  
 I tuik a whiff o' my cutty black peype;  
 Lal Dick by fire-leet plied his buik.  
 The youngermer bairns, at heeds and cross,  
 Sat lakin merrily in a row;  
 The wind clash'd tui the entry duir,  
 And down the chimney fell the snow.  
 "O!" says our weyfe, then fetch'd a seegh,  
 "Guidman, we sud reet thankfu' be!  
 How monie a scwore this angry neet,\*  
 Wad like to sit wi' tee and me.  
 Sae wad our dowter Ruth, I trow,  
 A silly peer luckless bairn she's been;  
 For her, nae day gangs owre my head,  
 But painfu' tears gush frae my een.

\* See Note XXXII.

She aye was honest and weel to see,  
I say't—she hed nae faut but yen—  
She off wid a taistrel sowdger lad,  
And never yence sent the scribe of a pen.  
O man! we sud forget and forgive;  
The brute beast for its awn 'll feel,  
Were mine aw't warl, ay ten times mair,  
I'd gi'e't to see her alive and weel.

Whea kens, peer thing! what she's endur'd,  
Sin that sad hour she left her heame.  
Thou turn'd her out; it hurt me sair,  
And aw our neybors cried out shem."  
Here stopp'd our weyfe, and shuik her head,  
While tears ran tricklin down her cheek;  
I fan the truth o' what she said,  
But de'il a word cud owther speak.

Just then the latch was lifted up;  
"Ay, that's a boggle!" cried out lal Ann;  
In bunc'd my bairn, and, at my feet,  
Cried, "O, forgi'e me!—here's my guidman!"  
Our dame she shriek'd, and dropp'd her wark.  
I bless'd them beath—the bairns were fain.  
We talk'd the stormy neet away,  
And, God be prais'd, we've met again!

*July 24, 1803.*



## BALLAD XXXII.

## THE PECK O' PUNCH.

—0—

**T** WAS Rob and Jock, and Hal and Jack,\*  
 And Tom and Ned forby,  
 Wi' Archy drank a Peck o' Punch,  
 Ae neet when they were dry.  
 And aye they jwok'd, and laugh'd, and smuik'd,  
 And sang wi' heartfelt glee,  
 "To-night we're yen, to-morrow geane,  
 Syne let us merry be."

Saint Mary's muckle clock bumm'd eight,  
 When each popp'd in his head;  
 But ere they rose, they'd fairly drank  
 The sheame-feac'd muin to bed.  
 And aye they jwok'd, &c.

To monie a bonny Carel lass,  
 The fairest o' the town,  
 And monie a manly British chiel,  
 The noggin glass went roun.  
 And aye they jwok'd, &c.

A neybor's fau'ts they ne'er turn'd owre,  
 Nor yence conceal'd their ain—  
 Had Care keek'd in, wi' wae-worn feace,  
 They'd kick'd him out again.  
 For eye they jwok'd, &c.

The daily toil, the hunter's spoil,  
 The faithless foreign pow'rs,  
 The Consul's fate, his o'ergrown state,  
 By turns beguil'd the hours.  
 And aye they jwok'd &c.

\* See Note XXXIII.

Let others cringe, and bow the head,  
 A purse-proud sumph to please ;  
 Fate, grant to me aye liberty  
 To mix wi souls like these.

Then oft we'll jwoke, and laugh, and smuik,  
 And sing wi' heartfelt glee,  
 "To-night we're yen, to-morrow geane,  
 Syne let us merry be."

November 3, 1803.

BALLAD XXXIII.

**THE THUIRSBY WITCH.**

—O—  
 TUNE—"O'er bogie."  
 —O—

**T**HERE'S Harraby\* and Tarraby,\*  
 And Wigganby\* beside ;  
 There's Oughterby\* and Souterby,\*  
 And bys beath far and wide.

Of strappin, sonsy, rwoisy queens,  
 They aw may brag a few ;  
 But Thuirsbys for a bonny lass,  
 Can cap them aw, I trow.

Her mudder sells a swope o' drink,  
 It is beath stout and brown,  
 And ETTY is the hinny fwot  
 Of aw the country roun.

Frae east to west, beath rich and peer,  
 A-horse, a-fit, caw in ;  
 For whee can pass sae rare a lass,  
 He's owther daft or blin.

\* Names of Cumberland villages.



Her een are like twea Cursmas sleas,  
But twice as breet and clear ;  
Nae rrose cud iver match her feace,  
That yet grew on a brier.

At town, kurk, market, dance, or fair,\*  
She meks their hearts aw stoun,  
And conquers mair than Bonnyprat,  
Whene'r she keeks aroun.

Oft graith'd in aw their kurk-gawn gear,  
Like nowble lwords at Court,  
Our lads slink in, and gaze and grin,  
Nor heed their Sunday spwort.

If stranger leets, her een he meets,  
And fins he can't tell how ;  
To touch the glass her han has touch'd,  
It sets him in a lowe.

Yence Thuirsky lads were whea but we,  
And cud ha'e bang'd the lave,  
But now they hing their lugs, and luik  
Like fwok stown frae the grave ;

And what they ail in head or heart,  
Nae potticary knows—  
The little glancin Thuirsky Witch,  
She is the varra cause.

Of Black-ey'd Susan, Mary Scott,  
The lass o' Patie's mill,  
Of Barbara Allan, Sally Gray,  
The lass o' Richmond-hill.

\* See Note XXXIV.

Of Nancy Dawson, Molly Mog,  
 Tho' thousands sing wi' glee,  
 This village beauty, out and out,  
 She bangs them aw to see.

November 10, 1803.

BALLAD XXXIV.

THE VILLAGE GANG.

—O—  
 TUNE—"Jenny dang the weaver."  
 —O—

THE'RE'S sec a gang in our town,  
 The deevil cannot wrang them,  
 And cud yen get tem put i' prent,  
 Aw England cuddent bang them.  
 Our dogs e'en bite aw decent fwok,  
 Our varra naigs they kick them,  
 And if they nobbet ax their way,  
 Our lads set on and lick them.

Furst wi' Dick Wiggem we'll begin,  
 The teyney, greasy wobster ;  
 He's got a gob frae lug to lug,  
 And neb like onie lobster.  
 Dick' weyfe, they say, was Branton bred,  
 Her mudder was a howdey,  
 And when peer Dick's thrang on the luim,  
 She's off to Jwhonie Gowdey.

But as for Jwhonie, silly man,\*  
 He threeps about the nation,  
 And talks o' stocks and Charley Fox,  
 And meakes a blusteration.

\* See Note XXXV.

He reads the paper yence a week,  
The old fwok geape and wonder—  
Were Jwhonie king, we'd aw be rich,  
And France mud e'en knock under.

Lang Peel the laird's a dispert chap,  
His weyfe's a famous fratcher—  
She brays the lasses, starves the lads,  
Nae bandylan can match her.  
We aw ken how they gat their gear—  
But that's a fearfu' stwory,  
And sud he hing on Carel Sands,  
Nit yen wad e'er be sworry.

Beane-breaker Jwohn we weel may neame,  
He's tir'd o' wark, confound him!  
By manglin limbs and streenin joints,  
He's meade aw cripples round him.  
Mair hurt he's duin than onie yen  
That iver sceap'd a helter;  
When sec like guffs leame decent fwok,  
It's time some laws sud alter.

The schuilmaister's a conjuror,\*  
For when our lads are drinkin,  
Aw macks o' tricks he'll dui wi' cairds,  
And tell fwok what they're thinkin.  
He'll glowre at maps and spell hard words,  
For hours and hours together,  
And in the muin he kens what's duin—  
Nay he can coin the weather!

Then there's the blacksmith wi' ae e'e,  
And his hawf-witted mudder,  
'Twad mek a deed man laugh to see  
Them glyme at yen anudder.

\* See Note XXXVI.

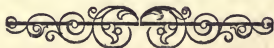
A three-quart piggen full o' keale,  
He'll sup, the greedy sinner ;  
Then eat a cow'd-lword like his head,  
Ay, onie day at dinner.

Jack Mar, the hirpling piper's son,  
Can bang them aw at leein ;  
He'll brek a lock, or steal a cock,  
Wi' onie yen in bein.  
He eats guid meat, and drinks strang drink,  
And gangs weel graith'd o' Sunday,  
And weel he may, a bonny fray  
Com out last Whissen-Monday.

The doctor he's a parfet pleague,  
And hawf the parish puzzens ;  
The lawyer sets fwok by the lugs,  
And cheats them neist by duzzens ;  
The parson swears a bonny stick  
Amang our sackless asses ;  
The squire's ruin'd scwores and scwores  
O' canny country lasses.

There's twenty mair, coarse as neck beef,  
If yen had time to neame them ;  
Left-handed Sim, slape-finger'd Sam,  
Nae law cou'd iver teame them.  
There's blue-nebb'd Watt, and ewe-chin'd Dick,  
Weel wordy o' the gallows—  
O happy is the country seyde  
That's free frae sec like fellows !

*November 27, 1803.*



## BALLAD XXXV.

**DICKY GLENDININ.**

—O—

TUNE—" *As Patie came up frae the glen.*"

—O—

**M**Y fadder was down at the mill,  
 My mudder was out wid her spinnin,  
 When whea sud slip whietly in,  
 But canny lal DICKY GLENDININ.

He pou'd off his muckle top cwoat,  
 And drew in a stuil by the hallan,  
 Then fworc'd me to sit on his knee,  
 And suin a sad teale began tellin.

"O Jenny, O Jenny!" says he,  
 "My likin for tee I can't smudder;  
 It meade me as seek as a peet,  
 To think tou'd teane up wid anudder.

What! there's been a bonny te-dui  
 About a lang hulk o' a miller!  
 He's wide-gobb'd, and ill-natur'd tui,  
 But ae word says aw—he hes siller.

The lasses aye flyre and mak gam,  
 And ax me, what's got Jenny Foster?  
 The lads, when we meet i' the lwones,  
 Cry out, 'Sairy Dick! what, tou's lost her!'

When Rowley, the miller, last neet  
 I met, as we com in frae sheerin,  
 Had the sickle but been our lang gun,  
 I'd shot him, ay, dead as a herrin.

O ! hes te forgotten the time,  
Tou said tou lik'd me best of onie ?  
And hes te forgotten the time,  
Tou said luive was better than monie ?

And hes te forgotten the time,  
I mark'd our twea neames on a shillin ?  
Tou promis'd to wear't neist thy heart,  
And then to wed me tou was willin.

The furst time you're cried i' the kurk,  
I'll step my ways up, and forbid it ;  
When cauld i' my coffin, they'll say,  
'Twas e'en Jenny Foster that did it !

My ghost the lang neet, aw in wheyte,  
Will shek thee, and gar thee aw shiver—  
O, the tears how they hop owre my cheeks,  
To think I sud lwose the for iver !"

O, Dicky ! O, Dicky ! says I,  
I nowther heed house, lan, or siller ;  
Tou's twenty times dearer to me  
Than onie lang hulk of a miller !

A match we struck up in a crack,  
And Dicky's got sticks and got beddin ;  
My fadder and mudder are fain,  
Then hey for a guid merry weddin !

*December 10, 1803.*



## BALLAD XXXVI.

## THE INVASION.

—O—

TUNE—" *Lingo's wedding.*"

—O—

HOW fens te Dick? There's fearfu' news—  
Udsbreed! the French are comin!  
There's nought at Carel but parades,  
And sec a drum, drum, drummin.

The volunteers and brigadiers  
Are aw just mad to meet them;  
And England e'en mun hing her head,  
If Britons dunnet beat them

Then there's the *Rangers*, aw in green,  
Commanded by brave Howard—  
Of aw his noble kin, nit yen  
Was iver caw'd a coward.

They'll pop the Frenchmen off like steyste  
If e'er they meet, I'll bail them;  
Wi' sec true Britons at their heads,  
True courage cannot fail them.

Thur French are dispert wicked chiels,  
If it be true they tell us,  
For where they've been, fwok curse the day  
That e'er saw sec sad fellows.

They plant the tree o' liberty,  
And hirelings dance around it,  
But millions water't wi' their tears,  
And bid the de'il confound it.



Our parson says,\* “ we bang’d them still,  
 And bang them still we mun, man,  
 For he desarves a coward’s deeth,  
 That frae them e’er wad run, man.

What feckless courts, and worn-out states,  
 They’ve conquer’d just by knav’ry ;  
 But every volunteer will pruiwe  
 A Briton kens nae slav’ry.

I’ve thought and thought, sin I kent ought,  
 Content’s the greatest blessin,  
 And he that seizes my bit lan  
 Desarves a guid sound dressin.

Auld England, though we count thy fau’ts,  
 For ever we’ll defend thee !  
 To foreign tyrants sud we bow,  
 They’ll mar, but niver mend thee.

*December 20, 1803.*

## BALLAD XXXVII.

### GRIZZY.

—O—

TUNE—“ *My auld guidman.*”

—O—

**T**HE witch weyfe begg’d in our backseyde,†  
 But went unsarra’d away i’ th’ pet ;  
 Our Ester kurn’d at e’er she kurn’d,  
 But butter the deuce a crum cou’d get.

\* See Note XXXVII. † See Note XXXVIII.

The pez-stack fell and crush'd my fadder,  
My mudder cowp'd owre, and leam'd hersel ;  
Neist, war and war, what dud we see,  
But Jenny' pet lam drown'd i' the well.

Auld Grizzy the witch,\* as some fwok say,  
Meks paddock-rud ointment for sair een,  
And cures the tuith-wark wi' a charm  
Of hard words—neane ken what they mean.  
She milks the kye, the urchin's bleam'd ;  
She bleets the cworn wi' her bad e'e ;  
When cross'd by lasses, they pruiwe wi' bairn,  
And if she grummel, they're seafe o' twee.

I yence sweethearted Madge o' th' mill,  
And whea sae thick as she and I ;  
Auld Whang he promis'd tweescore pun,  
A weel-theek'd house, and bit of a styne.  
Ae neet we met at our croft head,  
But Grizzy was daund'ring aw her leane,  
And scarce a week o' days were owre,  
Till Madge to kurk Wull Weer had teane.

When deef Dick Mauldlin lost his weyfe,  
And sed 'twas weel it was nae war ;  
When Jerry' black filly pick'd the fwoal,  
And hawf-blin Calep fell owre the scar ;  
When manten Marget brunt her rock,  
When smuggler Mat was lost i' the snaw,  
When wheezlin Wully was set i' the stocks,  
Auld Grizzy aye gat the weyte of aw.

Her feace is like the stump of a yek,  
She stoops and stowters, sheks and walks ;  
Bleer-e'e'd and tuithless, wi' a beard,  
She coughs and granes, and mumps and talks.

\* See Note XXXIX.

She lives in a shill-house, burns dried sticks,  
 And there hes dealins wi' the de'il.  
 O war she whietly in her grave—  
 For where she bides few can dui weel.

*February 3, 1803.*

BALLAD XXXVIII.

**G W O R D I E   G I L L .**

—O—

TUNE—"Andrew wi' his cutty gun."

—O—

**O**F aw the Lads I see or ken,  
 There's yen I like abuin the rest;  
 He's neycer in his warday duds,  
 Than others donn'd in aw their best.

A boddy's heart's a boddy's awn,  
 And they may gi'e't to whea they will;  
 Had I got ten where I ha'e neane,  
 I'd gi'e them aw to *Gwordie Gill*.

Whea was't that brak our lanlword' garth,\*  
 For me, when bairns we went to schuil?  
 Whea was't durst venture mid-thie deep,  
 To get my clog out o' the puil?

And when the filly flang me off,  
 And lang and lang I laid sae ill,  
 Whea was't gawl'd owre me day and neet,  
 And wish'd me weel? 'Twas *Gwordie Gill*.

\* See Note XL.

Oft mounted on his lang-tail'd naig,  
Wi' feyne new buits up till his knee,  
The laird's daft son leets i' the faul,  
And keaves as he wad wurry me.

Tho' fadder, mudder, uncle tui,  
To wed this maz'lin teaze me still,  
I hear of aw his lan and brass,  
But oft steal out to *Gwordie Gill*.

Frae Carel cousin Fanny com,  
And brong her whey-feac'd sweetheart down,  
Wi' sark-neck stuck abuin his lugs,  
A peer clipt dinment frae the town.

He minc'd and talk'd, and skipp'd and walk'd,  
But tir'd a gangin up the hill,  
And luik'd as pale as onie corp,  
Compar'd to rwsie *Gwordie Gill*,

My *Gwordie's* whussel weel I ken,\*  
Lang ere we meet, the darkest neet ;  
And when he liltis and sings *Skewball*,  
Nit playhouse music's hawf sae sweet.

A body's heart's a body's awn,  
And they may gi'e't to whea they will ;  
I yence had yen, now I ha'e neane,  
For it belongs to *Gwordie Gill*.

February 10, 1804.



\* See Note XLI.

## BALLAD XXXIX.

**A WEYFE FOR WULLY MILLER.**

—O—  
TUNE—"Maggie Lawder."  
—O—

**H**OUT, Wully, lad ! cock up thy head,  
Nor fash thysel about her ;  
Nought comes o' nought, sae tek nae  
thought,  
Tou's better far widout her.

Peer man ! her fadder weel we ken,  
He's but an as-buird meaker ;  
But she's town-bred, and, silly gowk !  
Thou'd gi'e thy teeth to teake her.

I've seen thee flyer and jwoke like mad,  
At aw our country fellows,  
But now thou seeghs and luiks like deeth,  
Or yen gawn to the gallows.

Thou's sous'd owre head and ears i' luive ;  
Nay, nobbet luik at Cwoley !  
He wags his tail, as if to say,  
"Wey, what's the matter, Wully ?"

There's lads but few in our town,  
And lasses wanters plenty,  
And he that fain wad wed a weyfe,  
May waele yen out o' twenty.

There's Tamer Toppin, Aggy Sharp,  
And clogger Wilkin' Tibby ;  
There's Greacy Gurvin, Matty Meer,  
And thingumbob' lal Debby.

Then there's Wully Guffy' dowter Nan  
 At thee aye keeks and glances,  
 For tou's the apple o' their e'en,  
 At cardin neets and dances.

My titty, tui, ae neet asleep,  
 Cried, "Canny Wull Millar!"  
 I poud her hair, she blush'd rrose reed,  
 Sae gang thy ways e'en till her.

Tell mudder aw the news tou kens,  
 To fadder talk o' the weather;  
 Then lilt tem up a sang or twea,  
 To please them aw together.

She'll set the out, then speak thy mind:  
 She'll suit thee till a shavin;—  
 But town-bred deames, to sec as we,  
 Are seldom worth the havin.

*February 28, 1804.*

## BALLAD XL.

### THE TWEE AULD MEN.

—o—

MATTHEW.

**W**HAT, Gabriel! come swat thy ways  
 down on the saddle,  
 I lang for a bit of a crack;  
 Thy granson I sent owre the geate for some  
 'bacco—  
 The varment'll never come back!—



Nay, keep on thy hat ; we heed nought about  
manners.

What news about your en o' the town ?  
They say the king's badly ; thur times gang  
but oddly ;

The warl just seems turn'd upseyde down.  
Ay, what alterations, and out-o'-way fashions,  
Sin lal toddlin callans were we !

## GABRIEL.

O, Matthew ! they've cutten the yeks and the  
eshes,

That grew owre anent the kurk waw !  
How often dud we lake just like wild things  
amang them ;

But suin we, like them, mun lig low !  
The schuil-house is fawn, where we beath larn'd  
our letters,

For thee, tou cud figure and write ;  
I mind\* what a monstrous hard task and a  
lickin

Tou gat when tou fit wi' Tom Wheyte.  
Wherever yen ranges, the chops and the changes  
Oft mek a tear gush frae my e'e.

## MATTHEW.

Then, Gabey, thou minds when we brak Dinah'  
worchet—

Stown apples, bairns aw think, are sweet—  
Deuce tek this bad 'bacco ! de'il bin, it'll draw  
nin,

Yen mud as weel smuik a wet peat !—  
What, yonder's Rob Donaldson got a lang letter,  
And some say it talks of a peace.  
But that'll nit happen i' thy time or my time,

\* See Note XLII.



Widout we can get a new lease.  
 Here, lass ! bring some yell in, drinkin's nae  
 failin,  
 Let's moisten our clay ere we dee.

GABRIEL.

Ay, Matt ! What they buried auld GLAISTER  
 last Monday.

Peer Jwosep ! we went to ae schuil !—  
 Hemarried deef Marget, the Gammelsby beauty,  
 A silly proud cat-witted fuil.

Ae son prui'd a taistrel, and brak up at  
 Lunnon,

But Jwosep he gat aw to pay.  
 Anudder, they said, turn'd out nit quite owre  
 honest,

Sae gat off to Botany Bay.  
 O man ! this frost pinches, and kills fwok by  
 inches,

It's e'en meade a cripple o' me !

MATTHEW.

Ay, Gabey ! its lang sin thou married Ann  
 Lawson ;

Tou minds when we off like the win  
 Frae kurk to the yell-house ?—What, I was  
 weel mounted,

And left them all twea mile behin.  
 Then there was young GABEY, our weyfe was  
 his goddy,

A brave murry cursnin we had.  
 We kent nought o' tea, or sec puzzen i' thur  
 days,

But drank tweyce-brew'd yell till hawf mad.  
 There was KITT and NED NEILSON, and DAN and  
 WAT WILSON,

They've aw geane and left thee and me.

## GABRIEL.

There's ae thing, guid Matthew, I've lang  
thought of axin,  
And that tou mun grant if tou can,  
When I's stiff and cauld, see me decently  
coffin'd,  
And laid down aseyde my weyfe Ann.  
My peer granson Jwosep, he thrives and he  
grows up,  
O luik till him when I's low laid !  
Mind he gaes to the kurk, and sticks weel till  
his larnin,  
And get him a bit of a trade.  
The neybor will bless thee, it wunnot distress  
thee,  
And happy auld Gabriel can dee.

## MATTHEW.

Keep up thy heart ! Gabey, nea guid comes o'  
grievin,  
Aye laugh at the warl, if thou'd thrive ;  
I've buried three weyves, and mun e'en hev  
anudder,  
I's quite young and rash—*eighty-five*.  
Then sec a hard drinker, a wustler, a feghter,  
A cocker I've been i' my time ;  
And as for a darrak, in barn or in meadow,  
Whea match'd me, when just i' my prime ?  
I ne'er thought o' whinin, or gowling, or  
pinin—  
We're wise when we chearfu' can be.

## GABRIEL.

Nay but, neybor Matthew, when ninety lang  
winters  
Ha'e bent yen, and powder'd the pow,

We grane i' the nuik, wi' few friens or acquaintance,  
And just fin we cannot tell how.  
For me, I's sair fash'd wi' a cough and the gravel,  
And ae single tuith i' my head ;  
Then, sin my peer bairn they tuik off for a sowdger,  
I've wish'd I were nobbet weel dead.  
The house uncle ga'e me the squire e'en ta'en frae me—  
There's nought but the warkhouse for me !

## MATTHEW.

My fadder, God rust him ! wi' pinchin and pleenin,  
Screap'd up aw the gear he cud get.  
I've been a sad deevil, and spent gowd i' gowpens,  
But still ha'e a hantel left yet.  
Come gi'es thy hand, Gabey,\* tou's welcome as may be,  
My purse and my ambrie to share ;  
We'll talk of auld times, eat, drink, and be merry—  
Thy granson sall get what we spare.  
Then leet thy pipe, Gabey, tou's welcome as may be,  
They's ne'er mek a beggar o' thee !

*March 14, 1804.*

\* See Note XLIII.

## BALLAD XLI.

## UNCLE WULLY.

—O—

TUNE—"Woo'd and married and a'."

—O—

"T'S a comical warl this we live in,"  
 Says Calep, and Calep says reet;  
 For Matty, that's got aw the money,  
 Hes e'en geane and wedded deyl'd Peat.  
 He's nobbet a heather-feac'd maz'lin,  
 And disn't ken whisky frae yell.  
 But her, weel brong up and a scholar,  
 Has just meade a fuil o' hersel!  
 De'il bin but she'd little to de,  
 To tek sec a hawflin as he,  
 That nowther kens A, B, or C!—  
 Nay, what sec a pair can ne'er 'gree!

He ne'er hes a teale widout laitin,  
 And hardleys can grease his awn clogs;  
 He marry a decent man's dowter!  
 He's fitter to lig amang hogs!  
 At the clock for an hour he'll keep glymin,  
 But de'il e'er the time he can tell;  
 And my niece, for that ae word HUSBAND,  
 Has e'en geane and ruin'd hersel.  
 De'il bin, &c.

Her fadder, God keep him! my billy,  
 Aye thought her the flow'r o' them aw;  
 And said on his deeth-bed, "O, Wully,  
 Luik till her, man, when I lig low!"

I meade her beath reader and writer—  
 Nin bang'd her, the maister can tell ;  
 But speyte o' beath larnin and manners,  
 She's e'en meade a guff of hersel.  
 De'il bin, &c.

When lasses get past aw advisin,  
 Ours then turns a piteous case.  
 A cwoat or sark yen may shep them,  
 But aw cannot gi'e them God's greace.  
 For me, I'll e'en deet my hands on her,  
 And this aw our neyborgs I'll tell ;  
 She's meade a bad bed, let her lig on't,  
 And think how she's ruin'd hersel.  
 De'il bin but she'd little to de,  
 To tek sec a hawflin as he,  
 That nowther kens A, B, or C !—  
 Nay, what sec a pair can ne'er 'gree.

*April 10, 1804.*

### BALLAD XLIII.

## GUID STRANG YELL.

—o—

**O**UR Ellek likes fat bacon weel,\*  
 And havver-bannock pleases Dick ;  
 A cow'd-lword meks lal Wully fain,  
 And cabbish aye turns Philip sick.

Our deame's for gurdle-ceake and tea,  
 And Betty's aw for thick pez-keale ;  
 Let ilk yen fancy what they wull,  
 Still my delight is guid strang yell.

\* See Note XLIV.

I ne'er had muckle, ne'er kent want,  
 Ne'er wrang'd a neybor, frien, or kin ;  
 My weyfe and bairns 'buin aw I prize,  
 There's music i' their varra din.

I labor suin, I labor leate,  
 And cheerfu' eat my humble meal ;  
 My weage can feed and clead us aw,  
 And whiles affords me guid strang yell.

What's aw the warl widout content ?  
 Wi' that and health man can't be peer ;  
 We suin slip off frae friens and foes,  
 Then whea but fuils wad fecht for gear.

'Bout kings and consuls gwoks may fratch,  
 For me I scworn to vex mysel,  
 But laugh at courts, and owre-grown knaves,  
 When I've a hush o' guid strang yell.

*April 22, 1804.*

## BALLAD XLIV.

### BURGH RACES.

—o—

**D**Wully, had tou nobbet been at Burgh  
 Races,\*  
 It seem'd, lad, as if aw the warl were  
 met ;  
 Some went to be seen, others off for divarsion,  
 And monie went there a lock money to bet.

\* See Note XLV.

The cup was aw siller, and letter'd reet neycely,  
A feyne naig they've put on't, forby my  
Lword's neame ;

It hods nar a quart, for monie drank out on't,  
And open'd their gills till they cu'dn't creep  
heame.

There was, "How fens te, Tommy?"—"What,  
Jwosep ! I's gaily."\*

"Wey, is there ought unket i' your country  
seyde ?

Here lanlword ! a noggin !—Whea rides the  
Collector ?

What Meason' auld meer can bang aw far  
and wide !"

There was snaps, yell, nuts, gingerbread,  
shwortceakes and brandy,  
And tents full o' ham, beef, and nowble veal  
pye ;

There was Greenup wi' a reet and true list o'  
the horses,

The neames o' the awners and reyders forby.

Ere they saddl'd, the gamblers peep'd sair at  
the horses,

Sec scrudgin, the fwok were just ready to  
brust ;

Wi' swearin and bettin, they meade a sad hay-  
bay—

"I'll lig six to four !"—"Done ! come down  
wi' the dust !"

"What think ye o' Lawson ?"—"The field  
for a guinea !"

"I'll mention the winner ! Dare onie yen  
lay ?"

\* See Note XLVI.



Jwohn Blaylock' reed handkitcher wav'd at the  
dissnens,  
At startin, he cried "Yen, twee, three, put  
away!"

They went off like leetnin—the auld meer's a  
topper,  
She flew like an arrow, and show'd tem her  
tail;

They hugg'd, whupp'd, and spurr'd, but cud  
niver yence touch her,  
The winners they rear'd, and the lwsers  
turn'd pale.

Peer Lawson gat dissen'd, and sae sud the  
tudders,  
Furst heat was a chase, and the neist a tek  
in;

Then some drank their winnins—but, woefu'  
disaster!

It rain'd, and the lasses gat wet to the skin.

Like pez in a pot, neist at Sandsfield they  
caper'd,

The lads did the lasses sae kittle and hug;  
Young Crosset, i' fettle, had got bran new  
pumps on,

And brong fisher Jemmy a clink o' the lug.  
The lasses they belder'd out, "Man thysel,  
Jemmy," \*

His comrades they poud off his cwoat and  
his sark;

They fit, lugg'd, and lurry'd, aw owre blood  
and batter,

The lanlword com in, and cried, "Shem o'  
sec wark!"

\* See Note XLVII.

There were smugglers, excisemen, horse-  
cowpers, and parsons,  
Sat higglety-pigglety, aw fare alike;  
And mowdy-warp Jacky—ay, man, it was  
funny!

He meade them aw laugh when he stuck in  
a creyke.

There were lasses frae Wigton, and Worton,  
and Banton,

Some o' them gat sweethearts, while others  
gat neane;

And bairns yet unbworn 'll oft hear o' *Burgh  
Races*,

For ne'er mun we see sec a meeting agean.

May 4, 1804.

## BALLAD XLV.

### BIDDY.

—O—

TUNE—"Since love is the plan."

—O—

**T** WAS frost and thro' leet, wid a greymin  
o' snaw,  
When I went to see Biddy, the flow'r o'  
them aw;

To meet was agreed on at Seymy' deyke nuik,  
Where I saunter'd wi' monie a seegh and lang  
luik,

But poud up my spirits and off till her heame,  
For when fwok mean reet, wey, what need they  
think sheame!

I peep'd thro' the window, to see what was  
duin ; \*

Her fadder sat whusslin, and greasin his shoon ;  
Her mudder sat darnin, and smuikin the while,  
And Biddy was spinnin, the neet to beguile.  
Her thread it aye brack, she seem'd sad as  
cud be,

And yen sat aseyde her, a stranger to me.

She turn'd her head frae him, and niver yence  
spak.

He struive for a kiss, then she up in a crack,  
And suin i' the faul, wi' great pleasure we met,  
But that happy moment we ne'er can forget.  
To be mine she promis'd agean and agean,  
And the priest, if God spare us, will suin mek  
us yen.

May 15, 1804.

## BALLAD XLVI.

### DINAH DUFTON.

—O—

TUNE — "*Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'.*"

—O—

**P**EER Dinah Dufton's e'en wi' bairn,†  
Oh, but I's unco sworry for't !  
A bonnier or a teydier lass,  
No niver yet fell i' the durt.

Auld Tim, her fadder, turn'd her out  
At mid neet, tho' 'twas frost and snaw ;  
She owre the geate,—what cud she de ?—  
And sobb'd and gowl'd, and telt us aw.

\* See Note XLVIII.

† See Note XLIX.

My fadder shuik his head at furst,  
But spak and acted like a man ;  
“ Dinah ! ” says he, “ tou sanot want,  
“ Sae keep thy heart up, if tou can ;

I’ve lads and lasses o’ my awn,  
And nin can tell what they may de ;  
To turn thee out ! peer luckless bairn !  
Thy fadder e’en mun harden’d be ! ”

God niver meade a heartier lass,  
For she wad sing for iver mair ;  
Yet, when peer fwok were in distress,  
To hear on’t, Oh ! it hurt her sair !

This luive, they say, hides monie fau’ts ;  
Peer thing ! the warl she little knew !  
But if she’d been by me advis’d,  
She waddent hed sec cause to rue.

At Rosley Fair she chanc’d to leet  
O’ mangerel Wull, that wicked tuil ;  
He’d larn’d to hannel weel his feet,  
And kept a bit o’ dancin schuil.

A fortune-teller neist he brib’d,  
To say the match was made abuin ;  
But when he’d brong his ends about,  
He nobbet laugh’d and left her suin.

Now Dinah’s apron’s grown quite shwort ;  
Dull, downcast, outcry o’ the lave !  
Aw day she whinges in our loft,  
And wishes she were in her grave.

But mangrel Wull, that wicked tuil,  
 My fadder says sall lig in jail;  
 And he that ruins onie lass,  
 De'll tek the man that wad him bail.

July 16, 1804.

## BALLAD XLVII.

### NED CARNAUGHAN.

—O—

TUNE,—*“The miller of Dee.”*

—O—

**M**Y mudder was teakin her nuin's rest,  
 My fadder was out at the hay,  
 When Ned Carnaughan com bouncin in,  
 And luik'd as he'd gotten a flay.

“O, Sib!” says he, “I's duin wi' te;—  
 Nay, what, thou blushes and stares!—  
 I seed the last neet wi' bow-hough'd Peat,  
 And de'il tek them that cares!”

Says I to Ned, to Ned says I,  
 “What's aw this fuss about?  
 I's seer he's a reet lish country lad,  
 And tou's just a parfect lout;

But whea were liggin i' Barney's croft,  
 And lakin like twea heares?  
 And whea kiss'd Suke frae lug to lug?  
 Wey, de'il tek them that cares!”

Says Ned, says he, “ The thimmel gi’e me, \*  
 I brong thee frae Branton fair,  
 And gi’e back the broach and true-love not,  
 And lock o’ my awn reed hair ;

And pay me the tuppence I wan frae thee  
 Ae neet at pops and pairs ;  
 Then e’en tek on wi’ whea thou likes—  
 The de’il tek them that cares !”

The broach and thimble I flang at his feace,  
 The true-love knot i’ the fire ;  
 Says I, “ Tou’s nobbet a hawfln bworn—  
 Fash me nae mair, I desire.

Here, tek thy tuppence, a reape to buy,  
 And gi’e thysel nae mair airs ;  
 But hing as hee as Gilderoy—  
 The de’il tek then that cares !”

July 27, 1804.

## BALLAD XLVIII.

### THE COCKER O’ CODBECK.

—O—

TUNE,—“*Patrick’s day i’ the morning.*”

—O—

**T**HERE was ill gusty Jemmy, the cocker  
 o’Codbeck †  
 He follow’d blin Leethet’ lass years twee  
 or three ;  
 She laid in o’ twins, and was e’en broken-  
 hearted,  
 For Jemmy had left her—and, neist, what  
 did he,

\* See Note L.

† See Note LI.

But ran owre to Hesket, and wedded anudder ;  
Suin peer Greacy Leethet was laid in her  
grave ;  
The last words she spake were, “ O God, forgi’e  
Jemmy !  
I may rue the day when he stuil my heart  
frae me !  
Tho’ I’s gawn to leave you, my innocents save !”  
Her twea bairns she kiss’d,  
And then sunk into rest.  
O but sec like fellows sud suffer !

I ne’er can forget, when the corpse cross’d the  
lonnin,  
Amang auld and young there was nit a dry  
e’e ;  
Aw whop’d she was happy—but, O man ! her  
fadder,  
When they cover’d the coffin, we thought he  
wad dee !  
He cried, “ I’ve nae comfort sin I’ve lost my  
Greacy !  
O that down aseyde her my head I could lay !”  
For Jemmy, de’il bin him ! he’s kent nought  
but crosses,  
He’s shunn’d by the lads, and he’s hiss’d by  
the lasses,  
And Greacy’s ghost haunts him by neet and  
by day ;  
Nae neybor luiks near him,  
The bairns they aw fear him ;  
And may sec like fellows still suffer.

*July 28, 1804.*



## BALLAD XLIX.

**CANNY CUMMERLAN.**

—O—

TUNE—" *The humours of Glen.*"

—O—

**I** WAS ae neet last week, wid our wark  
 efter supper,  
 We went owre the geate cousin Isbel  
 to see.

There was Sibby frae Curthet, and lal Betty  
 Byers,  
 Deef Debby, forby Bella Bunton and me.  
 We'd scarce begun spinnin, when Sib a sang  
 lilted,  
 She'd brong her frae Carel by their sarvent  
 man.

'Twas aw about Cummerlan fwok and feyne  
 pleaces,  
 And, if I can think on't, ye's hear how it ran.

Yer buik-larn'd wise gentry, that's seen monie  
 counties,  
 May preach and palaver, and brag as they  
 will

O' mountains, lakes, valleys, woods, watters,  
 and meadows,  
 But canny auld Cummerlan caps them aw  
 still.\*

Its true we've nae palaces sheynin amang us,  
 Nor marble tall towers to catch the weak eye.  
 But we've monie feyne castles, where fit our  
 brave fadders,  
 When Cummerlan cud onie county defy.

\* See Note LII.

First, GRAYSTOCK we'll nwotish, the seat o' girt  
NORFOLK,

A neame still to freemen and Englishmen  
dear.

Ye Cummerlan fwok, may your sons and your  
gransons

Sec rare honest Statesmen for iver revere.

Corruption's a sink that'll puzzen the country,

And lead us to slav'ry, to me it seems plain;

But he that hes courage to stem the black  
torrent,

True Britons sud pray for, agean and agean.

Whea that hes climb'd SKIDDAW, hes seen sec a  
prospect,

Where fells frown owre fells and in majesty  
vie?

Whea that hes seen KESWICK, can count hawf  
its beauties,

May e'en try to count hawf the stars i' the  
sky.

There's ULLSWATER, BASSENTHWAITE, WEST-  
WATER, DERWENT,

That thousands on thousands ha'e travell'd  
to view;

The langer they gaze, still the mair they may  
wonder,

And aye, as they wonder, may fin summet  
new.

We've CORBY,\* for rocks, caves, and walks sae  
delightfu',

That Eden a paradise loudly proclaims;

O that sec like pleaces hed aye sec like awners,

Then mud monie girt fwok be proud o' their  
neames!

We've NETHERBY tui, the grand pride o' the  
border !

And haws out o' number nae country can  
bang ;

Wi' rivers romantic as TAY, TWEED, or YARROW,  
And green woodbine bowers weel wordy a  
sang.

We help yen anudder ; we welcome the  
stranger ;

Oursels and our country we'll iver defend ;

We pay bits o' taxes as weel as we're yable,  
And pray, like true Britons, the war had an  
end.

Then, Cumberlan lads, and ye lish rwoosy  
lasses,

If some caw ye clownish, ye needn't think  
sheame ;

Be merry and wise, enjoy innocent pleasures,  
And aye seek for health and contentment at  
heame.

*August 12, 1804.*



BALLAD L.  
**JEFF AND JOB.**

—O—  
 TUNE—"Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae"  
 —O—

JEFF.

**C**OME, Job, let's talk o' weel-kent pleaces,  
 When young tearin chaps were we.  
 Now nin nar us but fremm'd feaces—

Few to seyde wi' thee and me!—  
 Years are geane by twee and twonty.

Sin I kent thy curly pow—  
 Aye the furst at wark and spwartin,  
 Were JEFF HEYNE and JWOSEPH HOWE.

JOB.

Ay, Jeff! we've lang kent yen anuddar;  
 Monie a time when chaps were crouse,  
 And meade a brulliment and bodder,  
 Jeff and Job ha'e clear'd the house.

Nin like thee cud fling the geavelick;\*  
 Nin like me lak'd at fit-baw;  
 Wi' pennysteans tou was a darter—  
 I at trippet bang'd tem aw.

JEFF.

Then, Job, I mind at your kurn-supper, †  
 When I first saw Elcy Greame,  
 I cudent eat—my heart it flutter'd—  
 Lang Tom Leytle watch'd us heame:—  
 We were young, and beath i' fettle—  
 He wad feight—we e'en set tui;  
 In the clarty seugh I sent him;  
 Elcy skirl'd—what cud she dui?

\* See Note LIV.

† See Note LV.

## JOB.

And, Jeff, when met at Cursmas cairdins,  
 Few durst lake wi' thee and me;  
 When we'd hack'd the lads aw roun us,  
 Off to th' lasses' bed went we.  
 The as-buird sarrad as a teable,  
 Legs anundert' claes were laid;  
 Forby laughin, kissin, jwokin,  
 Monie a harmless prank we play'd.

## JEFF.

Now, Job, we pay for youthfu' follies—  
 Aw our happy days are geane;—  
 Tou's turn'd grousome, bare and dozen'd,  
 I's just worn to skin and beane.—  
 But maister's comin in a flurry—  
 Sarvants aye sud mind their wark;—  
 I mun off to deetin havver—  
 Fares-te-weel till efter dark!

*October 12, 1804*

## BALLAD LI.

**TIB AND HER MAISTER.**

—o—

**I**'S tir'd wi' liggin aye my leane;  
 This day seems fair and clear;  
 Seek th' auld grey yad, clap on the pad,  
 She's duin nae wark te year.

Furst, Tib, get me my best lin sark,  
 My wig, and new-greas'd shoon;  
 My three-nuik'd hat, and mittens white—  
 I'll hev a young weyfe suin! †

\* See Note LVI. † See Note LVII.

A young weyfe for me, Tib,  
A young weyfe for me ;  
She'll scart my back when'er it yuks,  
Sae married I mun be !

“ Wey, maister ! you're hawf blin and deef—  
The rain comes pouring down ;—  
Your best lin sark wants beath the laps,  
Your three-nuik'd hat the crown.  
The rattens eat your clouted shoon ;  
The yad's unshod and leame ;  
You're bent wi' yeage like onie bow ;  
Sae sit content at heame !

A young wife for ye, man !  
A young weyfe for ye !  
They'll rank ye wi' the horned nowt  
Until the day ye dee.”

O' Tib ! thou aye talks like a fuil !  
I's fail'd, but nit sae auld ;  
A young weyfe keeps yen warm i' bed,  
When neets are lang and cauld.

I've brass far mair than I can count,  
And sheep, and naigs, and kye ;  
A house luiks howe widout a weyfe  
My luck I'll e'en gae try.

A young weyfe for me, Tib,  
A young weyfe for me ;  
I yet can lift twea pecks o' wots,  
Tho' turn'd o' eighty-three.

Weel, maister, ye maun ha'e your way,  
And sin ye'll wedded be,  
I's lish and young, and stout and strang,  
Sae what think ye o' me ?



I'll keep ye teydey, warm, and clean,  
 To wrang ye I wad scworn.  
 Tib! gi'es thy hand! a bargain be't—  
 We'll off to kirk to-mworn!

A young weyfe for me, Tib,  
 Tou was meade for me;  
 We'll kiss and coddle aw the neet,  
 And aye we'll happy be.

November 11, 1804.

## BALLAD LII.

### JWOHNY AND MARY.

—O—

TUNE—"Come under my plaidie."

—O—

**Y**OUNG Mary was canny and bonny as  
 onie lass,  
 Jwohny was lusty and weel to be seen;  
 Young Mary was aye the best dancer at murry  
 neets,  
 Jwohny had won monie a belt on the green.  
 Lang, lang they were sweethearts, and nwot-  
 ish'd by neybors,  
 Th' auld fwok they talk'd, and oft bragg'd o'  
 the twee,  
 For Jwohny thought nin i' the warl like young  
 Mary,  
 And Mary thought Jwohny aw she wish'd to  
 see.



A wee swope guid yell is a peer body's comfort,\*

But wo be to him that oft drinks till blin fou !

Young Jwohny ae day off wi' bigg to the market,

And drank wi' some neybor, he little thought how.

His auld fadder watch'd till the black hour o' midneet,

Widout his dear Jwohny the naig gallop'd heame.

They sought, and they fan him that mwornin i' Eden,

Amang the green busses that nod owre the stream.

Auld Gibby he gowls, and aye talks of his Jwohny,

And sits by his greave, and oft meks a sad meane ;

Peer Mary, the flow'r of aw flow'rs i' the parish,  
Ne'er hods up her head, now her Jwohny is geane.

The dangerous yell-house kills monie brave fellows,†

To get heame quite swober can ne'er be thought wrang ;

Nae good comes o' drinking—ye lads aw around me,

At fair or at market, aye think o' my sang !

*November 13, 1804.*

\* See Note LVIII. † See Note LIX.

## BALLAD LIH.

## THE CLAY DAUBIN.

—O—

TUNE—"Andrew Carr."

—O—

WE went owre to Deavie' Clay Daubin,\*  
 And faith a rare caper we had,  
 Wi' eatin, and drinkin, and dancin,  
 And rwoarin and singin like mad.

We'd crackin, and jwokin, and braggin,  
 And fratchin, and feichtin and aw;  
 Sec glorious fun and divarsion  
 Was ne'er seen in castle or haw.

Sing hey for a snug clay biggin,  
 And lasses that like a bit spwort;  
 Wi' friends, and plenty to gi'e them,  
 We'll laugh at King Gworge and his court.

The waws wer aw finish'd ere darknin;  
 Now, greypes, shouls, and barrows thrown  
 by,  
 Auld Deavie spak-up, wid a hursle,  
 "Od rabbit it! lads, ye'll be dry."

See, deame, if we've got a swope whusky! †  
 I's sworry the rum-bottle's duin;  
 We'll starken our keytes, I'll uphod us—  
 Come, *Adams*, ‡ rasp up a lal tune!"

\* See Note LX. † See Note LXI.

‡ W. Adams, an excellent country musician, particularly noted for playing jigs and strathspeys; and a man well known at fairs, merry-nights, kurn-suppers, and clay-daubins.

When Bill kittl'd up "*Chips and Shavins*,"  
 Auld Philip pou'd out Matty Meer,  
 Then nattl'd his heels like a youngen,  
 And caper'd about the clay fleer.

He deeted his gob, and he buss'd her,  
 As lish as a lad o' sixteen;  
 Cries Wull, "Od dy! fadder's i' fettle!  
 His marrow 'll niver be seen!"

Reet sair did we miss Jemmy Coupland—  
 Bad crops, silly man, meade him feale;  
 Last Sunday fworenuin, efter sarvice,  
 I' the kurk-garth the clark caw'd his seale."

Peer Jemmy! of aw his bit oddments  
 A shottle the bealies ha'e ta'en,  
 And now he's reet fain of a darrak,  
 For pan, dish, or spuin he hes neane.

Wi' scones, *leather-hungry*,† and whusky,  
 Auld Aggy cried, "Meake way for me!  
 Ye men fwok eat, drink, and be murry;  
 While we i' the bower get tea."

The whillymer eat teugh and teasty,  
 Aw cramm'd fou o' grey pez and seeds;  
 They row'd it up teane agean tudder—  
 Nae dainties the hungry man needs.

Now in com the women fwok buncin,  
 Widout tem there's niver nee fun;  
 Wi' whusky aw weeted their wizzens,  
 But suin a sad hay-bay begun.

\* See Note LXII.

† This is a ludicrous name given to a poor sort of cheese made of skimmed milk, and made use of by some of the peasants of Cumberland as a part of their meals. It is also sometimes called whillymer, and sometimes Rosley Cheshire. A more particular description of this cheese will be found in Note I. at the end of the volume.

For Jock, the young laird, was new wedded,  
His auld sweetheart Jenny luik'd wae;  
While some were aw titterin and flyrin,  
The lads rubb'd her down \* wi' pez-strae.

Rob Lowson tuik part wi' peer Jenny,  
And brong snift'ring Gwordie a cluff;  
I' th' scuffle they leam'd Lowson' mudder,  
And fain they'd ha'e stripp'd into buff.

Neist Peter caw'd Gibby a rebel,  
And aw rwoar'd out, that was wheyte wrang;  
Cried Deavie, "Sheak hans, and nae mair  
on't—  
I's sing ye a bit of a sang."

He lilted "*The King and the Tinker*,"  
And Wully strack up "*Robin Hood*;"  
Dick Mingins tried "*Hooly and Fairly*,"  
And Martha, "*The Babs o' the Wood*:"

They push'd round a glass like a noggin,  
And bottom'd the greybeard complete;  
Then crack'd till the muin glowr'd amang them,  
And wish'd yen anudder guid neet.

December 21, 1804.



\* See Note LXIII.

## BALLADS LIV.

**THE FELLOWS ROUND TORKIN.\***

—O—

TUNE—"The Yorkshire Concert."

—O—

**W**E'RE aw feyne fellows round Torkin ;  
 We're aw guid fellows weel met ;  
 We're aw wet fellows round Torkin,  
 Sae faikins we mun hev a sweat.

Let's drink to the lasses about us  
 'Till Day's braid glare bids us start ;  
 We'll sup till the saller be empty—  
 Come, Dicky, lad, boddom the quart.

I'll gi'e ye, says Dick, durty Dinah,  
 That's aye big wi' bairn fwok suppwose ;  
 She sticks out her lip like a pentes,  
 To kep what may drop frae her nwise.

Like a hay-stack she hoists up ae shoulder,  
 And scarts, for she's nit varra soun.  
 Wi' legs thick as mill-pwosts, and greasy,  
 The deevil cud nit ding her down !

We're aw odd fellows round Torkin ;  
 We're aw larn'd fellows weel met ;  
 We're aw rich fellows round Torkin,  
 Sae faikins we mun hev a sweat.

Let's drink to the lasses about us,  
 'Till day's braid glare bids us part ;  
 We'll sup till the saller be empty—  
 Come, Matthew, lad, boddom the quart.

\* A wood-covered hill, near Crofton Hall, in Cumberland.

I'll gi'e ye, says Matt, midden Marget,  
That squints wi' the left-handed e'e ;  
When at other fellows she's gleymin,  
I's freetnen'd she's luikin at me.

She smells far stranger than carrion,  
Her cheeks are as dark as hung beef,  
Her breasts are as flat as a back-buird ;  
'Mang sluts she's aye counted a chief !

We're aw wise fellows round Torkin ;  
We're aw neyce fellows weel met ;  
We're aw sad fellows round Torkin,  
Sae faikins we mun hev a sweat.

Let's drink to the lasses about us,  
'Till Day's braid glair bid us part ;  
We'll sup 'till the saller be empty—  
Come, Gwordy, lad, bottom the quart.

I'll gi'e ye, says Gworge, geapin Grizzly,  
Wi' girt feet and marrowless legs ;  
Her red neb wad set fire to brunstone ;  
Her een are as big as duck eggs.

See's shep'd tike a sweyne i' the middle,  
Her skin freek'd aw like a gleid ;  
Her mouth's weyde as onie town yubbem,  
We're freeten'd she'll swally her head !

We're aw strang fellows round Torkin ;  
We're aw lish fellows weel met ;  
We're aw top fellows round Torkin,  
Sae faikins we mun hev a sweat.



Let's drink to the lasses about us,  
'Till Day's braid glare bids us start;  
We'll sup till the saller be empty—  
Come, Wully, lad boddom the quart.

I'll gi'e ye, says Wull, winking Winny,  
That measures exact three feet eight,  
But wi' roun-shoulder'd Ruth, or tall Tibby,  
She'll scart, and she'll girn, and see'll feght.

She's cruik'd as an S— wid a hip out,  
Her feet flat and braid, as big fluiks;  
Her feace is as lang as a fiddle,  
And aw spatter'd owre wi' red plouks!

We're aw young fellows round Torkin;  
We're aw teeght fellows weel met;  
We're aw brave fellows round Torkin,  
Sae faikins we mun hev a sweat:

Let's drink to the lasses about us,  
'Till Day's braid glare bids us part;  
We'll sup till the saller be empty—  
Come, Mwosy, lad, boddom the quart.

I'll gi'e ye, says Mwosy, mantin Matty,  
That lisps thro' her black rotten teeth;  
You can't catch five words in ten minutes;  
If gowlin, she'd flay yen to death.

Her feace like auld Nick's nutmig grater,  
And yallow neck bitten wi' fleas;  
She's troubl'd wi' win aye at meale teymes,  
And belshes to give hersel ease!



We're aw cute fellows round Torkin ;  
We're aw sharp fellows weel met ;  
We're aw rare fellows round Torkin,  
Sae faikins we mun hev a sweat ;

Let's drink to the lasses about us,  
'Till day's braid glare bids us part ;  
We'll sup 'till the saller be empty—  
Come, Nathan, lad, boddom the quart.

I'll gi'e ye, says Natt, noisy Nanny,  
That chows shag 'bacco for fun ;  
She cocks her belly when walkin,  
And aye luiks down to the grun.

She talks beath sleepin and wakin,  
And crowks like a tead when she speaks.  
On her nwise en the hair grows like stibble,  
And gravey drops run owre her cheeks !

We're aw tough fellows round Torkin ;  
We're aw rash fellows weel met ;  
We're aw queer fellows round Torkin,  
Sae faikins we mun hev a sweat.

Let's drink to the lang, leame, and lazy,  
Deef, dum, black, brown, bleer-e'ed, and blin.  
May they suin get weel weddet, and beddet,  
If lads they can onie where fin !



## BALLAD LV.

## THE DALSTON PLAYER-FWOK.

—O—

TUNE—"Derry Down."

—O—

**C**OME, stur the fire, Shadrich ! and harken  
to me.  
I went up to DAWSTON their Play-fwok to  
see,

And paid my cruik'd tizzy, and gat a front seat;  
Thrang as three in a bed, they were wedg'd in  
that neet.

Derry Down, &amp;c.

Furst, the ban on their hoyboys and pipes did  
sea cruin,  
Tho' they blew oft and sair, it aye seem'd the  
seame tune.

Aw was famish confusion, but when they began,  
Lack-a-day ! the Fair Penitent pruv'd but a  
man !

Derry Down, &amp;c.

When they chink'd a lal bell, there was yen  
summet spak,  
But he hung down his head, and held up his  
back.

The picture caw'd GARRICK abuin the stage  
stood,  
I thought it yence laugh'd, and i' faith weel it  
mud !

Derry Down, &amp;c.

Like a hawf white-washed sweep, yen *Orashi* \*  
 bunc'd in,  
 And he tweyn'd leyke an edder, and cock'd up  
 his chin ;  
 In his yellow plush breeks, and lang black  
 rusty sword,  
 Wid his square gob weyde open—thought I,  
 what a lword !

Derry Down, &c.

He was drucken, (that's sarten) he cud'nt get  
 on ;  
 "Loavins !" cried an auld woman, " What,  
 that's RUTSON' JWOHN !  
 Mess, but he's a darter !"—" A topper," says  
 I,  
 " Was he but in a meadow, he'd freeten the  
 kye."

Derry Down, &c.

In bonny flow'r'd weastcwoat, and full-  
 bottom'd wig,  
 Auld *Siholto* he sseek'd leyke a stuck guinea  
 pig ;  
 Then his dowter he'd fratch, and her sweet-  
 heart forby,  
 O man, it was movin, and meade the bairns  
 cry.

Derry Down, &c.

Yen whisper'd me softly, " That's CLOGGER  
 JWOHN BELL,"  
 Says I, " Leyke eneugh—*of that man I've heard  
 tell.*"

\* The manner in which they pronounced the different names.

Now a tweesome talk'd loud, but nit varra discreet,  
 For they promis'd *twea whores* † afore nuin  
 they wad meet.

Derry Down, &c.

Frae tae fit to tudder, *Lothari* he hopp'd,  
 Aw leyke clock-wark; his words, tui, how  
 neycely he chopp'd!  
 Peer boddy! he waddent lig whiet when dead,  
 Sae they e'en lugg'd him out by the heels and  
 the head.

Derry Down, &c.

There was yen wid a weast thick as onie barl-  
 kurn,  
 He poud up his pettikits, then gev a gurn;  
 And he luik'd as to say, "NOW, WHAT THINK YE  
 o' ME?"  
 A lal lass spak the truth, "It was shocken to  
 see."

Derry Down, &c.

Neist a clever lish chap, wid his feyne red-leed  
 cheeks,  
 Blew his nwose wid his fingers, and hotch'd up  
 his breeks;  
 Then he tuik a fresh chow, and the auld'd  
 threw out,  
 And said, "Dui be whiet. What's aw this  
 about?"

Derry Down, &c.

† Two hours.

The skuilmaister gager, and twea or three  
mair,  
Had seen mister PUNCH play his pranks at a  
fair ;  
Efter far-larned threepin, at last, at the Bell,  
'Twas agreed nit even PUNCH cou'd thur heroes  
excel.

Derry Down, &c.

Sec struttin and wheynin, may please dwoatin  
fuils,  
Or rough-headed callans, just sent off to  
schuils ;  
But hadst thou e'er dreamt o' sec actin, dear  
ROWE,  
For sarten, thou ne'er wad ha'e written at aw.

Derry Down, &c.

Ye wise men o' Dawston, stick clwose to your  
wark,  
Sit at heame wi' your weyves and your bairns  
efter dark.  
To be caw'd kings and heroes is pleasin indeed,  
But before you turn player-fwok, furst larn to  
read !

Derry Down, &c.




## BALLAD LVI.

## OUR JWOHNY

—O—

TUNE—"Lillibulero."

—O—

UR Jwohny's just turn'd till a parfet  
 atomy,  
 Nowther works, eats, drinks, or sleeps  
 as he sud;  
 He seeghs in a nuik, and fins faut wid his  
 poddish,  
 And luiks like a deyl'd body, spoil'd for  
 aw gud.

He reaves in his sleep, and reads buiks o' luive  
 letters,  
 Ae turn efter dark, nae, he'll nit dui at aw!  
 But ae neet, last week, I detarmin'd to watch  
 him,  
 And suin, wi' his sweetheart our Jwohny I  
 saw.

I cowl'd my ways down, ahint our young eshes,  
 And by went the tweesome,—he seem'd nit  
 the seame;  
 They laugh'd, kiss'd and cutter'd—nought bad  
 past atween them;  
 I gat what I wanted, and sae crap off heame.

Our lanlword' lass, Letty, his heart hes in  
keepin,

To be seer she's a sarvant, but weel to be  
seen ;

She's lish, young and bonny, and honest as  
onie,

In hard workin poverty I see nought that's  
mean !

The fadder o' Jwohny was my fellow-sarvant ;

God rest him ! his marrow I's ne'er to see  
mair !

Auld Matthew had gear, and follow'd me  
weekly,

And cut me a lock of his gray grizzled hair.

Had I wedded Matthew, I'd now been a leady,

But fourscore and twonty can never agree :

Our Jwohny may e'en try his luck, and get  
wedded,

And they sal ha'e baith stock and crop when  
I dee.

## BALLAD LVII.

### KING RODGER.

—O—

TUNE—"Hallow Fair."

—O—

**T**WAS but tudder neet, efter darknin,  
We sat owre a bleezing turf fire ;  
Our deame she was sturrin a cow-drink,  
Our Betty milk'd kye in the byre.



"Ay, fadder !" cried out out lal Roger,

"I wish I wer nobbet a king !"

"Wey, what wad te dui ?" says I, "Roger,  
Suppwose tou cud tek thy full swing ?"

"Fust you sud be lword judge, and bishop ;  
My mudder sud hev a gold crutch.

I'd build for the peer fwok feyne houses,  
And gi'e them—ay ever sae much !

Our Betty sud wed Charlie Miggins,  
And wear her stamp'd gown ev'ry day ;  
Sec dancin we'd hev in the cock-loft,  
Bill Adams the fiddle sud play.

A posset I'd hev to my breakfast,  
And sup wid a breet siller spuin ;  
For dinner I'd hev a fat crowdy,  
And strang tea at mid efternuin.

I'd wear neyce wheyte cottinet stockings,  
And new gambaleery clean shoes,  
Wi' jimp lively black fustin briches,  
And every feyne thing I cud choose.

I'd hev monie thousands o' shippen,  
To sail the wide warl aw about ;  
I'd say to my soldiers, '*Gang owre seas,  
And kill the French dogs out and out.*'

On our lang-tail'd naig I'd be mounted,  
My footmen in silver and green ;  
And when I'd seen aw foreign countries,  
I'd mek Aggy Glaister my queen.

Our meadow sud be a girt worchet,  
And grow nought at aw but big plums ;  
A schuilhouse we'd build.—As for maister,  
We'd e'en hing him up by the thums.

Joss Feddon sud be my head huntsman,  
 We'd keep seven couple o' dogs,  
 And kill aw the hares i' the kingdom—  
 My mudder sud wear weel-greas'd clogs.  
 Then Cursmas sud last, ay for ever !  
 And Sundays we'd ha'e tweyce a-week ;  
 The muin sud show leet aw the winter ;  
 Our cat and our cwoley sud speek.  
 The peer fwok sud live widout workin,  
 And feed on plum-puddin and beef ;  
 Then aw wad be happy, for sarten,  
 There nowther cud be rwogue or thief !"  
 Now thus ran on leytle king Roger,  
 But suin aw his happiness fled ;  
 A spark frae the fire brunt his knockle,  
 And off he crap whingin to bed.  
 Thus fares it wi' beath young and auld fwok,  
 Frae king to the beggar we see ;  
 Just cross us i' th' midst o' our greatness,  
 And peer wretched creatures are we.

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 BALLAD LVIII.

**KITT C R A F F E T .**

—O—  
 TUNE—" *Come under my plaidie.*"  
 —O—

**I** SAAC CROSSET, o' Chawk,\* a feyne  
 heed-stean hes cutten,  
 And just setten't up owre anent the kurken ;  
 A chubby-feac'd angel o' top on't they've  
 putten,  
 And varses as guid as e'er com frae a pen.

\* Shawk.

It's for auld Kitt Craffet, our wordy wise ney-  
bor,  
God rest him! a better man ne'er wore a  
head;  
He's nit left his fellow thro' aw the heale  
county,  
And monie peer fwok are in want, now he's  
dead.

I mind when at schuil, a reet top scholar was  
he;  
Of lakin or rampin nae nwotion had he,  
But nar the auld thworn he wad sit and keep  
mwosin,  
And caw'd it a sin just to kill a peer flee.  
A penny he never let rest in his pocket,  
But gev't to the furst beggar boddy he met;  
Then at kurk he cud follow the priest thro' the  
sarvice,  
And as for a tribble he never was bet.

Tho' he wan seeven belts lang afwore he was  
twenty.  
And in SCEALEBY meadow oft tuik off the baw,  
Yet he kent aw the Beyble, algebra, Josephus,  
And capp'd the priest, maister, exciseman,  
and aw.  
He cud talk about battles, balloons, burning  
mountains,  
And wars, till baith young and auld trimmel'd  
for fear;  
Then he'd tell how they us'd the "*peer West  
Indie negers,*"  
And stamp wid his fit, ay, and drop monie a  
tear.

When he red about parliments, pleaces, and  
changes,

He flang by the paper, and cried "Silly stuff!  
The *Outs* wad be *in*, and the *Ins* rob their  
country,

They're nit aw together worth ae pinch o'  
snuff!"

His creed was—Be statesmen but just, Britons  
loyal,

And lang as our shippen reyde maisters at  
sea,

We'll laugh at the puffin o' vain Bonnyparty,  
As suin may he conquer the deevil an we.

Then when onie neybor was fash'd by the  
turnies,

Oh, it meade him happy if he cud be bail!

Twee-thurds o' his income he gev away yearly,

And actually tuik peer Tom Linton frae jail.

He was yence cross'd in luive by a good-for-  
nought hussey,

But if onie lass by her sweetheart was  
wrang'd,

He wad give her guid counsel, and lecture the  
fellow,

And oft did he wish aw sec skeybels were  
hang'd.

He cud mek pills and plaisters as weel as our  
doctor,

And cure cholic, aga, and jaunice forby;

As for grease, or the glanders, red watter, or  
fellen,

Nin o' them was leyke him, amang naigs or kye.

What, he talk'd to the bishop about agriculture,  
And yence went to Plymouth to see the grand  
fleet ;

As for the brave sailors trail'd off by the press-  
gangs,

“Od die them !” he said, “ THAT CAN NEVER  
BE REET ! ”

He ne'er was a drinker, a swearer, a feghter,  
A cocker, a gamler, a fop, or a fuil ;

But left this sad warl just at threescore and  
seven,

I' the clay house his granfadder built wi' the  
schuil.

Oh ! monie a saut tear will be shed ev'ry  
Sunday,

In reading the vareses they've stuck on his  
steane ;

'Till watters run up bank, and trees they grow  
down bank,

We never can luik on his marrow agean !

*January 2, 1807.*



## BALLAD LIX.

## ELIZABETH' BURTH-DAY.

—O—

TUNE—"Lillibulero."

—O—

JENNY.

YE, WULLIAM ! neist Monday's ELIZABETH' burth-day !  
 She is a neyce lass, tho' she were  
 nin o' mine.

We mun ax the Miss Dowsons, and aul BRODIE'  
 young fwok.

I wish I'd but seav'd a swop geuseberry wine.  
 She'll be sebenteen ; what, she's got thro' her  
 larnin ;

She dances as I did, when furst I kent thee.  
 As for Tom, her cruik'd billy, he stumps leyke  
 a cwoach-horse ;

We'll ne'er mek a man on him, aw we can  
 dee."

WULLIAM.

"Hut, JENNY ! hod tongue o' thee ! praise nae  
 sec varment,

She won't men a sark, but reads novels,  
 proud brat !

She dance ! What she turns in her taes, thou  
 peer gonny,

Caw her *Bet*, 'twas the neame her auld  
 granny aye gat.



No, TOMMY for my money! he reads his beyble,  
 And hes sec a lovinly squint wid his een;  
 He sheps as leyke me, as ae bean's leyke  
 anudder;  
 She snurls up her neb, just a shem to be  
 seen!"

## JENNY.

"Shaf, WULLY! that's fashion—tou kens nout  
 about it;  
 She's streyt as a resh, and as red as a rrose,  
 She's sharp as a needle, and luiks like a leady;  
 Thou talks, man—a lass cannot meake her  
 awn nrose!  
 She's dilicate meade, and nit fit for the country;  
 For TOM, he's knock-knee'd, wi' twea girt  
 as-buird feet;  
 God help them—he sheps like! they've little to  
 brag on;  
 Tho' our's, I've oft thought, he was nit varra  
 reet."

## WULLIAM.

"O, JEN! thou's run mad wi' thy gossips and  
 trumpery:—  
 Our lal bit o' lan we mun sell, I declare.  
 I yence thought thee an angel,—thou's turn'd  
 just a deevil,  
 Has fash'd me reet lang, and oft vexes me  
 sair.  
 This fashion and feasting brings monie to ruin,  
 A duir o' my house they shall nit come within;  
 As for BET, if she dunnet gang off till a sarvice,  
 When I's dead and geane she shall nit hev a  
 pin."



JENNY.

“Stop, WULL! whea was't brong thee that  
fortune! peer gomas!

Just thurteen gud yacres as lig to the sun.  
When I tuik up wi' thee, I'd lost peer GWORDY  
GLOSSIP,

I've rue'd sin that hour to the kurk when we  
run.

Were thou cauld and coffin'd, I'd suin get a  
better;

Sae creep off to bed, nit a word let us hear!

They shall come, if God spare us, far mair  
than I mention'd—

ELIZABETH' burth-day but comes yence a-year!

*January 2, 1807.*

## BALLAD LX.

**BORROWDALE JWOHNY.**

—O—

TUNE,—“*I am a young fellow.*”

—O—

**I**'S Borrowdale Jwohny, just cumt up to  
Lunnon;

Nay, girn nit at me for fear I laugh at  
you:

I've seen knaves donn'd i' silks, and good men  
gang in tatters,

The truth we sud tell, and gi'e auld Nick his  
due.

Nan Watt pruv'd wi' bairn, what, they caw'd  
me the fadder ;

Thinks I, *skekum filthy!* be off in a treyce !  
Nine Carel bank nwotes mudder slipt i' my  
pocket,  
And fadder neist ga'e me reet holesome  
adveyce.

Says he, "Keep fra't lasses! and ne'er luik  
ahint thee."

"We're deep as the best o' them, fadder," says I.  
They pack'd up ae sark, Sunday weascwoat,  
twee neckcloths,  
Wot bannock, cauld dumplin, and top stan-  
nin pye.

I mounted black filly, bade God bliss the auld  
fwok,

Cries fadder, "Tou's larn'd, Jwohn, and hes  
nought to fear ;

Caw and see cousin Jacep! he's got aw the  
money ;

He'll get thee some guverment pleace,—to  
be seer !"

I stopp'd on a fell, tuik a lang luik at SKIDDAW,  
And neist at the schuil-house amang the esh  
trees ;

Last thing, saw the smuik rising up frae our  
chimley,

And fan aw quite queer, wid a heart ill at  
ease.

But summet within me, cried, pou up thy  
spirits !

There's luck, says auld Lizzy, in feacin the  
sun ;

Tou's young, lish and clever, may wed a  
feyne leady,  
And come heame a Nabob—aye, sure as a  
gun!

Knowing manners, what, I doff'd my hat to aw  
strangers,  
Wid a spur on my heel, a yek siplin in hand,  
It tuik me nine days and six hours coming up-  
bank,  
At the *Whorns*—ay, 'twas *Highget*, a chap  
bad me stand.

Says he, "How's all friends in the North,  
honest Jwohny?"  
"Odswunters!" I says, "what, ye divent  
ken me!"

I paid twee wheyte shillins, and fain was to  
see him,  
Nit thinkin on't road onie 'quaintance to see.

Neist thing, what big kurks, gilded owoaches,  
hee houses,  
And fwok runnin thro' other leyke Carel  
Fair;  
I ax'd a smart chap where to fin cousin Jacep,  
Says he, "Clown, go look!" "Friend,"  
says I, "tell me where."

Fadder' letter to Jacep had got nae *subscription*,  
Sae, when I was glowrin and siz'lin about,  
A wheyte-feac'd young lass, aw dress'd out  
leyke a leady,  
Oried, "Pray, sir, step in!" but I wish  
I'd kept out.

She pou'd at a bell, leyke our kurk-bell it  
sounded,

In com sarvent lass, and she worder'd some  
weyne;

Says I, "I's nit dry, sae pray, Madam, excuse  
me!"

Nay, what she insisted I sud stop and deyne.

She meade varra free—'twas a shem and a  
byzen!

I thought her in luiv wi' my *parson*, for  
sure,

And promis'd to caw agean,—as for black filly,  
(Wad onie believ't!) she was stown frae the  
duir.

Od dang't! war than that, when I greap'd my  
breek-pocket,

I fan fadder' watch and the nwotes were aw  
gaen.

It was neet, and I luik'd lang and sair for kent  
feaces,

But Burrowdale fwok I cud never see neane.

I slept on the flags, just ahint a kurk corner.

A chap wid a girt stick and lantern com by;  
He caw'd me peace-breaker—says I, "Thou's  
a lear"—

In a pleace leyke a saller they fworc'd me to  
lie.

Nae caff bed or blankets for silly pilgarlic,

Deil a wink cud I sleep, nay nor yet see a  
steyme;

Neist day I was ta'en to the Narration Offish,

When a man in a wig said I'd duin a sad  
creyme.

Then ane ax'd my neame, and he pat on his  
speckets,

Says I, "JWOHNY CRUCKDEYKE—I's *Borrow-  
dale bworn.*"

Whea think ye it prui'd, but my awn cousin  
Jacep,

He seav'd me frae gallows, aye that varra  
mworn.

He spak to my Lword, some hard words, quite  
outlandish,

Then caw'd for his coach, and away we ruid  
heame ;

He ax'd varra kind efter fadder and mudder,  
I said they were bravely, and neist saw his  
deame.

She's aw puff and pouder ; as for cousin Jacep,  
He's got owre much gear to teake nwotish o'  
me ;

But if onie amang ye sud want a lish sarvent,  
Just bid me a weage—I'll upod ye, we's 'gree.

January 4, 1807.



## BALLAD XLI

## LANG SEYNE.

—O—

TUNE—" *Tak your auld cloak about ye.*"

—O—

THE last new shun our BETTY gat,  
 They pinch her feet the deil may care!  
 What, she mud ha'e them leady-like,  
 Tho' she hes cwoorns, for evermair.  
 Nae black gairn stockings will she wear,  
 They mun be white, and cotton feyne;  
 This meks me think of other times,  
 The happy days o' auld lang seyne!

Our dowter, tui, a *palace* \* bought,  
 A guid red clwoak she cannot wear;  
 And stays, she says, spoil leady's sheps—  
 Oh! it wad mek a parson swear.  
 Nit ae han's turn o' wark she'll dui,  
 She'll nowther milk or sarrat sweyne—  
 The country's puzzen'd round wi' preyde,  
 For lasses work'd reet hard lang seyne.

We've three guid rooms in our clay house,  
 Just big enough for sec as we;  
 They'd hev a parlour built wi' bricks,  
 I mud submit—what cud I dee?  
 The saddle neist was thrown aseyde,  
 It meeght ha'e sarra'd me and mine;  
 My mudder thought it mens'd a house—  
 But we think shem o' auld lang seyne!

\* Pelisse.

We us'd to ga to bed at dark,  
 And ruse agean at four or five;  
 The mworn's the only time for wark,  
 If fwok are hilthy, and wou'd thrive.  
 Now we get up,—nay, God kens when!  
 And nuin's owre suin for us to deyne;  
 I's hungry or the pot's hawf boil'd,  
 And wish for times like old lang seyne.  
 Deuce tek the fuil invented tea!  
 For tweyce a-day we that mun hev;  
 Then taxes get sae monstrous hee,  
 The deil a plack yen now can seave!  
 There's been nae luck throughout the lan,  
 Sin fwok mud like their betters sheyne;  
 French fashions mek us parfet fuils;  
 We're caff and san to auld lang seyne!

*January 5, 1807.*

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BALLAD LXII.

**THE AULD BEGGAR.**

—O—

**I** MET the auld man, wid his starv'd grey  
 cur near him,  
 The blasts owre the mountains blew cauld  
 i' the vale;  
 Nae heame to receive him, few strange fwok to  
 hear him,  
 And thin wer his patch'd duds, he mickle  
 did ail.  
 A tear dimm'd his e'e, his feace, furrow'd by  
 sorrow,  
 Seem'd to say he frae whope nit ae comfort  
 cud borrow,  
 And sad was the beggarman's teale.



“Behold,” he cried, seeghing, “the spwort of  
false fortune !

The peer wretched outcast, the beggar you  
see,

Yence boasted o’ wealth, but the warld is un-  
certain,

And friens o’ my youth smeyle nae langer  
on me.

It’s the last o’ the flock, my weyfe Ann for  
heav’n left me,

Of my only lad, Tim, accurst war neist bereft  
me.

My yage’s suppwort lang was he !

Yence in the proud city, I smeyl’d amang  
plenty,

Frae east and frae west, monie a vessel then  
bore

To me the rich cargo, to me the feyne dainty,  
And the peer hungry bodies still shar’d of  
my store.

A storm sunk my shippen, by false friens sur-  
rounded,

The laugh o’ the girt fwok,—this meade me  
confounded,

Ilk prospec for iver was o’er !

I creep owre the mountains, but meast in the  
vallies,

And wi’ my fond dog share a crust at the  
duir.

I shun the girt fwok, and ilk house leyke a  
palace,

For sweetest to me is the meytè frae the puir.

At neet, when on strae, wi' my faithfu' dog lyin,  
 I thank Him that meade me, for what I's  
 enjoyin;  
 His promise I whope to secure ! "

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## BALLAD LXIII.

**THE BUCK OF KINGWATTER.\***

—O—

TUNE—" *The Breckans of Brampton.*"

—O—

**W**HEN I was single, I rid a feyne naig,  
 And was caw'd the Buck o' Kingwatter;  
 Now the cwoat o' my back has got but  
 ae sleeve,

And my breeks are aw in a tatter.  
 Sing, Oh, the lasses ! the lazy lasses !  
 Keep frae the lasses o' Branton !  
 I ne'er wou'd hae married, that day I married,  
 But I was young, feulish, and wanton.

I courted a lass—an angel I thought—  
 She's turn'd out the picture of evil;  
 She geapes, yen may count ev'ry tuith in her  
 head,

And shouts, fit to freeten the deevil.  
 Sing, Oh, the lasses, &c.

To-day she slipt out, some 'bacco to buy,  
 And bade me mind rock the cradle;  
 I cowp'd owre asleep, but suin she com in,  
 And brak aw my head wi' the ladle.  
 Sing, Oh, the lasses, &c.

\* The river King, near Gilsland

I ne'er had a heart to hannle a gun,  
 Or I'd run away, and leave her ;  
 She pretends to win purns, but that's aw fun,  
 They say she's owre kind wi' the weaver.  
 Sing, Oh, the lasses, &c.

I dinnerless gang ae hawf o' the week ;  
 If we get a bit meat on a Sunday,  
 She cuts menaemair than wad physic a sneype ;  
 Then we've tatey and point ev'ry Monday,  
 Sing, Oh, the lasses, &c.

Tho' weary o' life, with this gud-for-nought-  
 wife,

I wish I cud get sec anudder ;  
 And then I cud gi'e the deevil the tane,  
 For taking away the tudder !  
 Sing, Oh, the lasses ! the lazy lasses !  
 Beware o' the lasses o' Branton !  
 I ne'er wou'd hae married, that day I married,  
 But I was young, feulish, and wanton.

*January 6, 1807.*

#### BALLAD LXIV.

### MARGET O' THE MILL.

—O—

TUNE—" *Tom Starboard.*"

—O—

**H**ER fadder's whope, her mudder's preyde.  
 Was black-ey'd Marget o' the Mill,  
 And summer day, or winter neet,  
 Was happy, chearfu', bussy still ;

And Ralph, her fadder, oft declar'd,  
His darlin forty pund's shou'd heve,  
The day a husban tuik her han,  
And mair, if lang he sceap'd the greave.

The lily and the deyke-rwose beath,  
Wer mix'd in Marget's bonny feace ;  
Her form mud win the cauldest heart,  
And her's was nature's modest greace.  
Her luik drew monie a neybor laird,  
Her een luive's piercin arrows fir'd ;  
But nae rich laird cud gain the han  
O' this fair flow'r, by aw admir'd.

Oh, luckless hour ! at town ae day,  
Yen in a soilder's dress she saw ;  
He stule her heart, and frae that hour  
May Marget date a leyfe of woe.  
For now she shuns aw roun the mill,  
Nae langer to her bosom dear ;  
And faded is her bonny feace,  
And dim her e'e wi' monie a tear.

Peer Marget ! yence a fadder's preyde,  
Is now widout a fadder left ;  
Deserted, aw day lang she moans,  
Luive's victim, of ilk whope bereft !  
Ye lasses aw seducers shun,  
And think o' Marget o' the Mill ;  
She, crazy, daunders wid her bairn,  
A prey to luive and sorrow still.



## BALLAD LXV.

**MADAM JANE.**

—O—

TUNE—“*I will ha’e a wife.*”

—O—

**M**OMEY meks us bonny,  
Money meks us glad ;  
Be she auld or ugly,  
Money brings a lad.

When I’d ne’er a penny,  
Deil a lad had I ;  
Pointin aye at Jenny,  
Laughin, they flew by.

Money causes flatt’ry,  
Money meks us vain ;  
Money changes aw things—  
Now I’m Madam JANE !

Sin auld Robby left me  
Houses, fields, nit few,  
Lads thrang round i’ clusters—  
I’m a beauty now !

Money meks us merry,  
Money meks us bra’ ;  
Money gets us sweethearts—  
That’s the best of a’ !

I ha’e fat and slender,  
I ha’e short and tall ;  
I ha’e rake and miser—  
I despise them all !

Money they're aw seeking,  
 Money they's get neane;  
 Money sends them sneaking  
 Efter MADAM JANE!

There's ane puir and bashfu',  
 I ha'e i' my e'e;  
 He's get han' and siller,  
 Gin he fancies me.

Money meks us bonny,  
 Money meks us glad;  
 Be she leame and lazy,  
 Money brings a bad.

January 6, 1807.

## BALLAD LXVI.

### YOUNG SUSY.

—O—

TUNE,—“*Dainty Davie.*”

—O—

**Y**OUNG Susy is a bonny lass,  
 A canny lass, a teydey lass,  
 A mettled lass, a hearty lass,  
 As onie yen can see.  
 A clean-heel'd lass, a weel-spok lass,  
 A buik-larn'd lass, a kurk-gawn lass,  
 I watena how it's come to pass,  
 She's meade a fuil o' me.

I's tir'd o' workin—plowin, sowin,  
 Deetin, deykin, threshin, mowin,  
 Seeghin, greanin, never knowin  
 What I's gawn to de.

I met her—aye, twas this day week !  
Od die ! thought I, I'll try to speak !  
But tried in vain the teale to seek,

For sec a lass is she.

Her jet-black hair hawf hides her brow,  
Her een just thirl yen thro' and thro'—  
But, Oh ! her cheeks and cherry mou  
Are far owre sweet to see !

I's tired o' workin, &c.

Oh, cou'd I put her in a sang !  
To hear her praise the heale day lang,  
She mud consent to kurk to gang ;

There's puirer fwok than me !

But I can nowther rhyme nor rave,  
Luive meks yen sec a coward slave ;  
I'd better far sleep i' my grave,

But, Oh ! that munnet be !

I's tir'd o' workin—plowin, sowin,  
Deetin, deykin, threshin, mowin,  
Seeghin, greanin, never knowin

What I's gawn to de.

*January 6, 1807.*





## BALLAD LXVII.

## THE REDBREEST.

—O—

TUNE—"Hallow Fair."

—O—

**C**OME into my cabin, red Robin  
 Thrice welcome, lal warbler, to me !  
 Now Skiddaw hes got his wheyte cap on,  
 Agean I'll gi' shelter to thee.  
 Just hop thy ways into my pantry,  
 And feast on my peer humble fare ;  
 I never was fash'd wid a dainty,  
 But meyne, man or burd sal aye share.  
 Now four years are by-geane, red Robin,  
 Sin furst thou com singin to me ;  
 But, Oh, how I's chang'd, little Robin,  
 Sin furst I bade welcome to thee !  
 I then had a bonny bit lassie,  
 Away wid anudder she's geane ;  
 My friens wad oft caw at my cabin,  
 Now dowie I seegh aw my leane,  
 Oh, where is thy sweetheart, red Robin ?  
 Ga bring her frae house-top, or tree ;  
 I'll bid her be true to sweet Robin,  
 For false was a lassie to me.  
 You'll share ev'ry crum i' my cabin,  
 We'll sing the cauld winter away ;  
 I wunnet deceive ye, peer burdies !  
 Let mortals use me as they may.

November, 1800.

## BALLAD LXVIII.

## THREESCWARE AND NINETEEN.

—O—

TUNE *by the Author.*

Sung with great applause by MASTER T. EMLEY.

—O—

**A**YE, aye, I's feeble grown,  
And feckless—weel I may !  
I's threeswore and nineteen,  
Aye, just this varra day !  
I ha'e na teeth, my meat to chew,  
But little sarras me !  
The best thing I eat or drink,  
Is just a cup o' tea !

Aye, aye, the bairns mak gam,  
And pleague me, suin and late ;  
Men fwok I like i' my heart,  
But bairns and lasses hate !  
This gown o' mine's lang i' the weast,  
Aul-fashion'd i' the sleeve ;  
It meks me luik like foursware,  
I varily believe !

Aye, aye, what I's deef,  
My hearin's quite gane ;  
I's fash'd wi' that sad cough, aw neet,  
But little I complain.  
I smuik a bit, and cough a bit,  
And then I try to spin ;  
And then I daddle to the duir,  
And then I daddle in.

Aye, Aye, I wonder much,  
How woman can get men !  
I've tried for threescore years, and mair,  
But never could get ane !—  
Deil tek the cat ! what is she at ?  
Lie quiet on the chair !  
I thought it e'en was DANIEL STRANG,  
Comin' up the stair !

Aye, aye, I've bed, and box,  
And kist, and clock, and wheel,  
And tub, and rock, and stuil, and pan,  
And chair, and dish, and reel ;  
And luiking glass, and chamer pot,  
And bottles for smaw beer ;  
Mouse trap, saut box, kettle, and—  
That's DANNY sure I hear !

Aye, aye, he's young eneugh,  
But, Oh ! a reet neyce man !  
And I wad ne'er be caul in bed,  
Cou'd I but marry DAN !  
Dence tek that cough ! that weary cough !  
It never lets me be !  
I's kilt wi' that, and gravel beath—  
Oh, DANIEL, come to me !

*January 8, 1807.*



## BALLAD LXIX.

## SILLY ANDREW.

—O—

TUNE—" *Wandering Willy.*"

—O—

**H**OW can I get a bit weyfe? says lang  
Andrew,  
Shadric, come tell me, lad, what I mun  
dee.

Tou kens I's just twenty,  
Ha'e houses, lans plenty,  
A partner I want—ay—  
But nin'll ha'e me.

'Twas furst blue-e'ed Betty that meade my  
mouth watter,  
She darn'd my auld stockins, my criyet and  
aw.

Last harvest, when sheerin,  
Wi' jibin and jeerin,  
She fworc'd me to swearin—  
Bett ne'er mair I saw!

Neist, red-headed Hannah to me seem'd an  
angel,  
And com to our house monie a neet wid her  
wark.

I yence ax'd to set her,  
She said she kent better!  
Whea thinks te can get her?  
E'en daft Symie Clark!

Then smaw-weasted Winny meade gowns for our  
Jenny.

Andrew, man, stick tull her! mudder oft  
said;

She hes feyne sense, and money,  
Young, lish, smart, and bonny,  
Is a match, aye for onie;—  
But she's for black Ned!

Then how can I get a bit weyfe? tell me,  
Shadric!

Tou mun be reet happy, they're aw fond o'  
thee!

I've follow'd Nan, Tibby,  
Sal, Mal, Fan, and Sibby,  
Ett, Luke, Doll, and Debby;  
But nin'll ha'e me!

## BALLAD LXX.

### AULD ROBBY MILLER.

—O—

TUNE—"Gin I had a wee house."

—O—

**O**H, cud I but see the blythe days I ha'e  
seen,  
When I was a lish laughin lass o' sixteen,  
Then lads lap around, and said nin was leyke  
me,  
Now they're aw fled away, and I's turn'd  
thurty-three.

A single leyfe's but a comfortless leyfe,  
It sounds unco sweet to be caw'd a weyfe ;  
To get a bit body I've tried aw I can—  
Waes me for the lassie that can't get a man !

When day-leet's aw geane, and I sit down to  
spin,  
I wish some young fellow wou'd only step in.  
At the market I saunter, and dress at the fair,  
But nae lad at peer Keatey a luik will e're spare.  
A single leyfe's but a weary dull leyfe,  
It sounds unco sweet to be caw'd a weyfe ;  
In vain a peer lassie may try ilka plan,  
Caw her rich, and I'll venture she'll suin get a  
man.

There's auld Robby Miller, wi' his siller pow,  
Bent double, and canna creep up the hill now  
Tho' staene-deef and tuithless, and bleer-e'd'd  
and aw,  
He hes gear, and I's thinkin to gi'e him a caw.  
A single leyfe's a heart-breakin leyfe,  
It sounds unco sweet to be cw'd a weyfe ;  
I'll keame his lank locks, and dui what I can—  
There's monie a young lassie wad tek an auld  
man.

He lives aw his leane, but he's surely to blame,  
When a wanter leyke me may be had sae near  
heame ;  
Were we weddet to-morrow, he'd nit be lang  
here,  
Then I'd buy a man to my mind wid his gear.

A single leyfe's a sorrowfu' leyfe,  
It sounds unco sweet to be caw'd a weyfe ;  
I'll off to auld Robby,—aye, that's the best plan,  
And coax him, and wed him, the canny auld  
man !

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## BALLAD LXXI.

**NANNY PEAL.**

**E**YES there are that never weep,  
Hearts there are that never feel ;  
God keep them that can dui baith,  
And sec was yence sweet NANNY PEAL.

Tom Feddon was a sailor lad,  
A better never sail'd saut sea ;  
The dang'rous rocks reet weel he knew,  
The captain's favorite was he.

When out, and cronies drank or sang,  
Or danc'd the jig, or leetsome reel,  
Peer Tom wad sit him on the yard,  
And fondly think o' NANNY PEAL.

For, Oh she was a hearty lass,  
A sweeter feace nin e'er did see ;  
And luive lurk'd in her twe breet een,  
And innocence itsel was she.

Oft, i' the kurk, the neybor lads  
At her a bashfu' luik wad steel ;  
Oft, at the markets, stare and point,  
And whisper, " She ! that's NANNY PEAL."



But Tom was aw her heart's deleyte ;  
And, efter voyages twee or three,  
(In which he wad feyne presents bring),  
Baith fondly whop'd they'd married be.

And now this teyde they quit the pwort ;  
Tom wid a kiss his faith did seal ;  
They cry'd, they seegh'd, whop'd suin to meet ;  
'Twas hard to part wi' NANNY PEAL !

The sea was cawm, the sky was clear,  
The ship she watch'd while eye cud see ;  
" The voyage is short ! " she tremblin said.  
" God sen him seafe and suin to me ! "

Afwore her peer auld mudder's duir,  
She sung, and thought, and turn'd her weel,  
But when that neet the storm com on,  
Chang'd was the heart of NANNY PEAL.

And sad was she the next lang day ;  
The third day warse—still warse grew she ;  
Alas ! the fourth day brought the news,  
Baith ship and men wer lost at sea !

She heard, she fainted on the fluir ;  
Much did her peer auld mudder feel ;  
The neybons roun, baith auld and young,  
Dropt monie a tear for NANNY PEAL.

Sin that she wanders aw day lang,  
And gazes weyldly on the sea ;  
She's spent, peer thing, to skin and beane,  
And ragged, wretched now is she.

Oft reydin on the wheyte-topp'd waves,  
 She sees her Tom towerts her steal ;  
 And then she laughs, and caws aloud,  
 " O come, O come to NANNY PEAL !"

God keep thee helpless, luckless lass !  
 On earth thou munnet happy be ;  
 But leyfe is wearin fast away—  
 Thou suin in heav'n peer Tom wilt see.

## BALLAD LXXII.

### ANDREW'S YOUNGEST DOWTER.

—O—

TUNE *by the Author.*

—O—

**W**HERE *Irthin*\* rows to *Eden's* streams,  
 Thro' meadows sweetly stealin,  
 Owrhung by crags, hawf hid by furs,  
 There stands a cwozey dwellin ;  
 And there's a lass wi' witchen feace,  
 Her luik gi'es pain or pleasure,  
 A rwose-bud hid frae pryin een,  
 The lads' delyte and treasure ;  
 For when I saw her aw her leane,  
 I mair than mortal thought her,  
 And stuid amaz'd, and silent gaz'd  
 On Andrew's youngest dowter.

Her luik a captive meade my heart,  
 How matchless seem'd ilk feature !  
 The sun, in aw his yearly course,  
 Sheynes on nae fairer creature ;

\* A river in the neighbourhood of Brampton.

I watched her thro' the daisied howmes,  
 And pray'd for her returnin ;  
 Then track'd her foot-marks thro' the wood,  
 My smitten heart aw burnin :—  
 Luive led me on ; but when, at last,  
 In fancy meyne I thought her,  
 I saw her awn dear happy lad  
 Meet Andrew's youngest dowter.

Sing sweet, ye wild birds i' the glens,  
 Where'er young Lizzy wanders ;  
 Ye streams of *Irthin*, please her ears  
 Aw day wi' soft meanders ;  
 And thou, the lad ay neist her heart,  
 Caress this bonny blossom ;  
 Oh, never may the thworn o' care  
 Gi'e pain to sec a bosom ;  
 Had I been king o' this weyde warl,  
 And kingdoms cud ha'e bought her,  
 I'd freely parted wi' them aw,  
 For Andrew's youngest dowter !

## BALLAD LXXIII.

**SOLDIER YEDDY.**

—O—

TUNE.—“*The widow can bake.*”

—O—

**P**EEER Yeddy was brought up a fadderless  
 bairn,  
 His jacket blue duffle, his stockings coarse  
 gairn ;  
 His mudder, sad graceless ! liv'd near Talkin  
 Tarn,  
 But ne'er did a turn for her Yeddy.

Weel shep'd and fair feac'd, wid a bonny blue  
e'e,  
Honest-hearted, ay merry, still teydey was he;  
But nae larnin had gotten, nor kent A B C;  
There's owre monny like silly Yeddy.

Suin tir'd o' the cwoal-pit, and drivin a car,  
Won by fedders, cockades, and the fuil'ries o'  
war,  
He wad see feyne fwok, and grand pleaces afar,  
The bad warl was aw new to lal Yeddy.

How temptin the liquor, and bonny bank  
nwote!

How temptin the pouders, sash, gun, and red  
cwoat!

Then the Frenchmen, die bin them! we'll kill  
the whole twote!

These, these were his thoughts honest Yeddy.

A while wi' his cronies he'll smuik, laugh, and  
sing,

Tell of wonders, and brag of his country and  
king,

And swagger, and larn of new oaths a sad  
string—

These little avail simple Yeddy.

For suin he may sing to another-guess tune,  
His billet a bad yen, his kelter aw duin;  
And faint at his post, by the pale winter muin,  
Nae comfort awaits luckless Yeddy.

When time steals his colour, and turns his pow  
grey,

May he tell merry stories, nor yence rue the  
day,

When he wander'd, peer lad ! frae the fell seyde  
away,

This, this is my wish for young Yeddy.

Of lads sec as him may we ne'er be in want,  
And a brave soldier's pocket of brass ne'er be  
scant !

Nit the brags o' proud Frenchmen auld Eng-  
land can daunt,

While we've plenty like young soldier Yeddy.

## BALLAD LXXIV.

### THE DAWTIE.

—O—

TUNE—" *I'm o'er young to marry yet.*"

—O—

“ **T**HO' weel I like you, Jwohnnny lad,  
I cannot, munnet marry yet !  
My peer auld mudder's unco bad,  
Sae we a wheyle mun tarry yet !

For ease or comfort she hes neane :

Leyf's just a lang, lang neet o' pain :

I munnet leave her aw her leane,

And wunnet, wunnet marry yet !”

JWOHNNY.

“ O Jenny ! dunnet brek this heart,

And say, we munnet marry yet ;

Thou cannot act a jillet's part—

Why sud we tarry, tarry yet ?”

Think lass of aw the pains I feel ;

've leyk'd thee lang, nin kens who weel !

For thee, I'd feace the varra deil—

Oh say not, we mun tarry yet !”

## JENNY.

“ A weddet leyfe’s oft dearly bought ;  
 I cannot, munnet marry yet !  
 Ye ha’e but little—I ha’e nought,  
 Sae, we a wheyle mun tarry yet.  
 My heart’s yer awn, ye needna fear,  
 But let us wait anudder year,  
 And luive, and toil, and screape up gear ;  
 We munnet, munnet marry yet !

’Twas but yestreen, my mudder said,  
 ‘ O, dawtie ! dunne marry yet !  
 I’ll suin lig i’ my last cauld bed ;  
 Tou’s aw my comfort—tarry yet !’  
 Whene’er I steal out o’ her seet,  
 She seeghs, and sobs, and nought gangs reet—  
 Whist !—That’s her feeble voice.— Guid neet !  
 We munnet, munnet marry yet !

## BALLAD LXXV.

**THE CODBECK WEDDIN.**

—O—

TUNE,—“*Andrew Carr.*”

—O—

True is my song, tho’ lowly be the strain.

**T**HEY sing of a weddin at Worton,  
 Where aw was fecht, fratchin, and fun ;  
 Feegh ! sec a yen we’ve hed at CODBECK,  
 As niver was under the sun :



The breydegruim was weaver *Joe Bewley*,  
He come frae about *Lowthet Green* ; \*  
The breyde *Jwohnnie Dalton*' lish dowter,  
And *BETTY* was weel to be seen.

Sec patchin, and weshin, and bleachin,  
And starchin, and darning auld duds ;  
Some lasses thought lang to the weddin ;  
Unax'd, others sat i' the suds.

There were tweescore and seebem invited,  
God speed tem, 'gean *Cursenmass-day* ;  
*Dobson*' lads, tui, what they mun come hidder!  
I think they were better away !

Furst thing, *oggle Willy*, the fiddler,  
Caw'd in, wi' auld *Jonathan Strang* ;  
Neist, stiff and stout, lang, leame and lazy,  
Frae aw parts com in wi' a bang.

Frae *Brocklebank*,\* *Fuilduirs*,\* and *Newlands*,\*  
Frae *Hesket*,\* *Burk-heads*,\* and the *Height*,\*  
Frae *Warnell*,\* *Starnmire*,\* *Nether Welton*,\*  
And awt, way from *Eytonfield-street*.\*

Furst, auld *Jwohnnie Dawton* we'll nwotish,  
And *Mary* his canny douse deame ;  
Son *Wully*, and *Mally*, his sister ;  
*Goffet*' weyfe, *Muckle Nanny* by neame.

*Wully Sinclair*, *Smith Leytle*, *Jwohn Aitchin*,  
*Tom Ridley*, *Joe Sim*, *Peter Weir*,  
*Gworge Goffet*, *Jwohn Bell*, *Miller Dyer*,  
*Joe Head* and *Ned Bulman* were there.

\* Villages and odd houses in the neighbourhood.



We'd *hay-cruiks*, and *hen-tails* and *hanniels*,  
And *nattlers* that fuddle for nought ;  
Wi' *sceape-greaces*, *skeybels*, and *scruffins*,  
And *maffs* better fed far than taught.

We'd lads that wad eat for a weager,  
Or feight, ay, till bluid to the knees ;  
*Fell-seyders* and *Sowerby riff-raff*,  
That deil a bum-bealie dare seize.

The breyde hung her head, and luik'd sheepish,  
The breydegruim as wheyte as a clout ;  
The bairns aw gleym'd thro' the kirk windows,  
The parson was varra devout.

The ring war lost out of her pocket,  
The breyde meade a bonny te-dee ;  
Cries *Goffet*' wife, "Mine's meade o' pinchback,  
And, la ye ! it fits till a tee !"

Now buckl'd, wi' fiddlers afwore them,  
They gave *Michael Crosby* a caw ;  
Up spak *canny Bewley* the breydegruim,  
"Get slocken'd, lads ! fadder pays aw."

We drank till aw seem'd blue about us,  
We're aye murry devils, tho' peer '  
*Michel*' weyfe says, "Widout onie leein,  
A duck mud ha'e swam on the flier."

Now, aw 'bacco'd owre, and hawf-drucken,  
The men fwok wad needs kiss the breyde ;  
*Toe Head*, that's aye reckon'd best spokesman,  
Whop'd "guid wad the couple beteyde."

Says *Michael*, "I's reet glad to see you,  
Suppwosin I gat ne'er a plack."  
Cries t' weyfe, "That'll nowther pay brewer,  
Nor get bits o' sarks to yen's back."

The breyde wad dance "*Coddle me, Cuddy* ;"  
A threesome then caper'd Scotch Reels ;  
*Peter Weir* cleek'd up auld *Mary Dalton*,  
Leyke a cock round a hen neist he steals.

*Jwohn Bell* yelp'd out "*Sowerby Lasses* ;"  
*Young Jwosep*, "a lang Country Dance,"  
He'd got his new pumps *Smithson* meade him,  
And fain wad show how he cud prance.

To march round the town, and keep swober,  
The women fwok thought was but reet ;  
"Be wise, *dui*, for *yeance* !" says *Jwohn Dyer* ;  
The breydegruim mud reyde shoulder heet.

The youngermak lurried ahint them,  
Till efter them *Bell* meade a brek :  
*Tom Ridley* was blaz'd wi' drinkin,  
And plung'd off the steps i' the beck.

To *Hudless's* now off they sizell'd,  
And there got far mair than eneugh ;  
*Miller Hodgson* suin brunt the punch ladle,  
And full'd ev'ry glass wid his leuf ;

He thought he was teakin his mouter,  
And deil a bit conscience has he ;  
They preym'd him wi' stiff punch and jollop,  
'Till *Sally Scott* thought he wad dee.

Joe Sim rwoar'd out, "Bin, we'e duin wonders !  
Our Mally's turn'd howe i' the weame !"  
Wi' three strings atween them, the fiddlers  
Strack up, and they reel'd towerts heame.

Meyner Leytle wad now hoist a standert,  
Peer man ! he cud net daddie far,  
But stuck in a pant buin the middle,  
And yen tuik him heame in a car.

For dinner, we'd stewd geuse, and haggish,  
Cow'd-leadie, and het bacon bye,  
Boil'd fluiks, tatey-hash, beastin puddin,  
Saut salmon, and cabbish forby.

Pork, pancakes, black puddins, sheep trotters,  
And custart, and mustert, and veal,  
Grey-pez keale, and lang apple dumplins :—  
I wish ev'ry yen far'd as weel !

The breyde, givin aw roun about her,  
Cries, "Wuns ! we forgat butter sops !"  
The breydegruim fan nae time for talkin,  
But wi' stannin pye greas'd his chops.

We'd loppar'd milk, skim'd milk, and kurn'd  
milk,  
Well watter, smaw beer, aw at yence ;  
"Shaff ! bring yell in piggens !" rwoars Dalton,  
"Deil tek them e'er cares for expence !"

Now aw cut and cleek'd frae their neybors,  
'Twas even down thump, pull and haul ;  
Joe Head gat a geuse aw together,  
And off he crap into the faul.

Muckle Nanny cried, "Shem o' sec weastry!"  
The ladle she brak ower ILL Bell;  
Tom Dalton sat thrang in a corner,  
And eat nar the weight of his sel.

A hillibuloo was now started,  
'Twas, "Rannigal! wee cares for tee?"  
"Stop, Tommy! Whe's wife was i' th' carrass?  
Tou'd ne'er been a man, but for me!"

"Od dang thee!—To jail I cud send thee,  
Peer scraffles!—Thy lan grows nae gurse."  
"Ne'er ak! it's my awn, and it's paid for—  
But whea was't stuil auld Tim Jwohn' purse?"

Ned Bulman wad feght wi' Gworge Goffet,  
Peer Gwordy he nobbet stript thin,  
And luik'd like a cock out o' fedder,  
But suin gat a weel-bleaken'd skin.

Neist, Sanderson fratch'd wid a hay-stack,  
And Deavison fught wi' the whins;  
Smith Leytle fell out wi' the cobbles,  
And peel'd aw the bark off his shins.

The hay-bay was now somewhat seyded,  
And young fwok the music men miss'd,  
They'd drucken leyke fiddlers in common,  
And fawn owre ayont an aul kist.

Some mair fwok that neet were a-missin,  
Than Wully, and Jonathan Strang—  
But Decency whispers, "What matter!  
Tou munnet put them in the sang!"

Auld Dalton though he was at Carel,  
Says he, "Jacob ! see what's to pay !  
Come wosler ! heaste—get out the horses,  
We'll e'en teake the rwoad, and away !"

He cowp'd off his stuil, leyke a san bag,  
Tom Ridley beel'd out, "Deil may care !"  
For a quart o' het yell, and a stick in't,—  
Dick Simpson 'll tell ye far mair.

Come, bumper the Cumberlan lasses,  
Their marrows can seldom be seen ;  
And he that wont fecht to defend them,  
I wish he may ne'er want black een !

May our murry-neets, clay-daubins, races,  
And weddins, aye finish wi' glee ;  
And when ought's amang us, worth nwotish,  
Lang may I be present to see.



# CUMBERLAND BALLADS.

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

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BALLAD LXXVI.

**JOE AND NED.**

—O—

By MISS BLAMIRE.

—O—

TUNE,—“*Ranting, roaring Willy.*”

—O—

JOE.

“**W**HY, Ned, man! thou luiks sae down-  
hearted,  
Yen wad swear aw thy kindred  
wer dead:

For a sixpence thy Jen and thee's parted,  
What then, man, ne'er bodder thy head!  
There's lasses enew, I'll up'od te,  
And thou may be suin as weel match'd;  
There's aye as guid fish i' the river  
As onie that ever was catch'd.

NED.

“O, Joe! tou kens nought o' the matter,  
Sae let's ha'e nae mair o' thy jeer;  
Auld England's gown's worn till a tatter,  
And they'll nit new don her, I fear;



True liberty never can flourish,  
'Til man in his reets is a king,  
'Till we tak a tythe-pig frae the bishop,  
As he's duin frae us, is the thing."

JOE.

"What, Ned! and is that aw that ails thee?  
Mess, lad, tou deserves maist to hang—  
What, tek, a bit lan frae its oaner!  
Is this, then, thy feyne *Reets o' Man*?  
Tou ploughs, and tou sows, and tou reaps, man,  
Tou gangs, and tou comes were tou will;  
Nowther king, lword, or bishop dare touch thee,  
Sae lang as tou dis fwok nae ill."

NED.

"How can te say sae, Joe—tou kens now,  
If hares was as plenty as hops,  
I durstn't fell yen for my life, man,  
Nor tek't out of auld Cwoley's chops;  
While girt fwok they ride down my dikes aw,  
And spang o'er my fields o' new wheat,  
Nought but ill words I get for the damage—  
Can onie yen tell me that's reet?"

JOE.

"Aye, there I mun oan the shoe pinches,  
Just there to fin faut is nae shame;  
Ne'er ak! there's nae hard laws in England,  
Except that bit thing about Game:  
And wer we aw equal at mwornin,  
We cudn't remain sae till neet;  
Some arms are far stranger than others,  
And some heads will tek in mair leet.



Tou cudn't mend laws, if tou wad, man,  
 It's for other-guess noddles than thine ;  
 Lord help thee ! sud beggars yence rule us,  
 They'd tek off beath thy cwoat and mine :  
 What is't then, but law that stands by us,  
 While we stand by country and king ?  
 For as to bein parfet and parfet,  
 I tell thee, there is nae sec a thing."

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## BALLAD LXXVII.

## FORBES'S GREEN.

—O—

BY A LADY.

—O—

TUNE.—“ *The lads o' Dunse.*”

—O—

AND auld Robin Forbes hes gien tem a  
 dance !  
 I pat on my speckets, to see them aw  
 prance ;  
 I thought o' the days when I was but fifteen,  
 And skipp'd wi' the best upon Forbes's Green :  
 Of aw things that is, I think thought is meast  
 queer,  
 It brings that that's by-past, and sets it down  
 here ;  
 I see Willy as plain as I dui this bit leace,  
 When he tuik his cwoat lappet, and deeghted  
 his feace

The lasses aw wonder'd what Willy cud see,  
In yen that was dark and hard-featur'd leyke  
me ;  
And they wonder'd ay mair, when they talk'd  
o' my wit,  
And slily telt Willy, that cudn't be it :  
But Willy he laugh'd, and he meade me his  
weyfe,  
And whea was mair happy thro' aw his langleyfe :  
It's e'en my great comfort, now Willy is geane  
That he offen said, nea place was leyke hi  
awn heame.

I mind when I carried my wark to yon steyle,  
Where Willy was deykin, the teyme to beguile.  
He wad fling me a daisy to put i' my breast,  
And I hammer'd my noddle to mek out a jest :  
But merry or grave, Willy often wad tell,  
There was nin o' the leave that was leyke my  
awn sell ;  
And he spak what he thought, for I'd hardly a  
plack  
When we married, and nobbet ae gown to my  
back.

When the clock had struck eight, I expected  
him heame,  
And Wheyles went to meet him as far as  
Dumleane ;  
Of aw hours it telt, eight was dearest to me,  
But now when it streykes, there's a tear i' my e'e.  
O, Willy ! dear Willy ! it never can be,  
That age, time, or death, can divide thee and me ;  
For that spot on the earth, that's aye dearest  
to me,  
Is the turf that has cover'd my Willy frae me.

## BALLAD LXXVIII.

## LOVE IN CUMBERLAND.

—O—

BY MR. MARK LONSDALE.

—O—

TUNE.—“ *Cuddle me, Cuddy.*”

—O—

**W**A, Jwohn, what'n mannishment's 'tis,  
 'At tou's gawn to dee for a hizzy?  
 Aw hard o' this torrable fiss,  
 An' aw's cum't to advise tha,—'at is ee.

Mun, thou'll nobbet lwose tee gud neame,  
 Wi' gowlin and whinging sae mickle;  
 Cockswunters! min beyde about heame,  
 An' let her e'en ga' to auld Nickle.

Thy plew-geer's aw liggin how-strow,  
 An' somebody's stown thee thy couter;  
 Oh faiks, thou's duin little 'at dow,  
 To fash theesel iver about her.

Your Seymey 'as broken car stang,  
 An' mendit it wid a clog coaker;  
 Pump-tree's geane aw wheyte wrang,  
 An' they've sent for aul Tom Stawker.

Young filly's dung owre the lang stee,  
 An' leam'd peer Andrew th' theeker;  
 The' mudder wad suffer't for tee,  
 An aw hadn't happ'n't to cleek her.

Thou's spoilt for aw manner o' wark ;  
 Thou nobbet sits peghan an' pleenan ;  
 Odswucke, man ! doff that dirty sark,  
 An pretha, gi'e way, git a clean an !

An' then gow to Carel wi' me ;  
 Let her gang to Knock-cross wid her scwornin ;  
 Sec clankin at market we'll see,  
 A'll up'od ta' forgit her or mwornin !

### BALLAD LXXIX.

*Sung at the Cumberland Anniversary Meeting, London,  
 April 14th, 1785.*

—o—

BY EWAN CLARKE.

—o—

**S**kest off my clogs, hung th' kelt cwoat on  
 a pin,  
 And trudg'd up to Lunnon thro' thick and  
 thro' thin,  
 And hearing the fiddlers, guid fwoks I've meade  
 free  
 To thurst mysel in, your divarshon to see.  
Derry Down, &c.

Odswinge ! this is brave ! canny Cummerland,  
 oh !

In aw my bworn days sec a seeght I ne'er saw,  
 Sec honest-like feaces, sec freedom ! and then  
 Sae feyne !—to be seer, ye're aw parliment-  
 ment.

Derry Down, &c.

Since I's here, if you'll lend your lugs to my  
sang,  
I'll tell you how aw things in Cummerland  
gang ;  
How we *live*—I mean *starve*—for God bless the  
king !  
His ministers, darr them ! are nit quite the  
thing.

Derry Down, &c.

Thur taxes ! thur taxes ! Lord help us : Amen  
Out of every twel-pence, I doubt they'll tek  
ten :  
We're tax'd when we're bworn, and we're tax'd  
when we dee—  
Now, countryman, these are hard laws, d'ye  
see !

Derry Down, &c.

My honest plain neighbour, *Jwohn Stoddart*  
declares,  
That the tax upon horses, and tax upon  
mares,  
Is cutting and cruel—nay some of us vow,  
Instead of a horse, we'll e'en saddle a cow.

Derry Down, &c.

The tax upon maut—ARGO, tax upon drink,  
Wad mek yen red mad only on it to think !  
Then measure's sae smaw !—between me and  
you,  
We may drink till we're brussen, before we're  
hawf fou.

Derry Down, &c.

And windows—ay, there I can feelingly speak;  
 I paid thee wheyte shilling this varra last week,  
 For paper-patch'd leets, that my scholars  
 meeght see

To spelder their words, and ply A B C.

Derry Down, &c.

But dead or alive, I my taxes will pay,  
 To enjoy every year the delights o' this day;  
 Success to you aw! and, if it be fair,  
 I'll meet ye neist year, and for twenty years  
 mair!

Derry Down, &c.

## BALLAD LXXX.

### BARLEY BROTH.

—O—

BY A LADY.

—O—

TUNE,—“*Crowdy*”

—O—

**I**F tempers were put up to seale,  
 Our Jwohn's wad bear a duced preyce;  
 He vow'd, 'twas barley i' the broth—  
*Upon my word, says I, it's reyce.*

“I mek nae faut,” our Jwohnnny says,  
 “The broth is gud, and varra neyce:  
 I only say, it's barley broth.”

“*Tou says what's wrang,*” says I—“*it's reyce!*”



“Did iver mortal hear the leyke !  
 As if I hadn’t sense to tell !  
 Tou may think reyce the better thing,  
 But barley broth dus just as well.”  
 “And sae it mud, if it was there ;  
 The deil a grain is i’ the pot ;  
 But tou mun ayways threep yen down !  
 I’ve drawn the deevil of a lot !”  
 “And what’s the lot that I have drawn ?  
 Pervarsion is a woman’s neame !  
 Sae fares-te-weel ! I’ll sarve my king,  
 And niver, niver mair come heame.”  
 Now Jenny frets frae mworn to neet ;  
 The Sunday cap’s nae langer neyce ;  
 She ay puts barley i’ the broth,  
 And hates the varra neame o’ reyce.  
 Thus treyfles vex, and treyfles please,  
 And treyfles mek the sum o’ leyfe ;  
 And treyfles mek a bonny lass  
 A wretched or a happy weyfe.


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## BALLAD LXXXI.

**THE SEA-FIGHT.**

—O—  
 BY A LADY.

—O—  
 TUNE,—“*Mrs. Casey.*”

 LASS ! I’s fit to burst wi’ news !  
 There’s letters frae the fleet ;  
 We’ve bang’d the French, aye, out and  
 out.  
 And duin the thing complete.



There was sec show'rs o' shell grenades,  
Bunch'd out wi' shot, like grapes ;  
And bullets, big as beath our heads,  
Chain'd twee and twee wi' reapes.

Our Jwohn was perk'd abuin their heads,  
To keep a sharp luik out ;  
And tell them, gin he kent his sel,  
What they were aw about :  
They skimm'd the skin off Jwohnnny's cheek,  
He niver heeded tat,  
But rwoar'd, tho' he was main-mast heet,  
We'll pay them weel for that !

It was a seeght ! our Jwohnnny says,  
A seeght nit often seen ;  
And aw their colours flifty-flaff—  
Some reed, some blue, some green :  
The French rang'd up in aw their preyde,  
Afwore our thunder brast ;  
But lang afwore it ceased to rwoar,  
It hardly left a mast.

But we ha'e paid a fearfu' preyce ;  
For NELSON is no more !  
That soul o' fire has breath'd his last,  
Far frae his native shore !  
“ O waes is me ! ” our Jwohnnny says,  
“ That I sud ha'e to tell ;  
For nit a man aboard the fleet,  
But wish'd 't had been his sel.”

Our British tars hev kindly hearts,  
Tho' you wad hardly ken ;  
They'll shout, when ships are gangin down,  
But try to seave the men :

They'll risk the leyfe that's hardly won,  
 To bring them to the shore ;  
 And sorrow dashes owre their een,  
 When they can do no more.

---

## BALLAD LXXXII.

## THE MEETING.

—O—

BY A LADY.

—O—

TUNE,—“ *Merrily danc'd the Quaker.* ”

—O—

**I**F I ha'e been a week away,  
 My Jenny rins to meet me ;  
 Wi' aw the chat o' this bit pleece  
 My Jenny's fain to treat me :—  
 There's Rob has married Mary Gray,  
 And Bella's past aw tellin !  
 And Grace has fun the little cat,  
 And Dick can say his spellin.

Peer Dick has broken deddy's dish,  
 And durstn't come to meet ye ;  
 But he has sent ye this bit cake,  
 He thought that he mud treat ye :—  
 Our butter tells to fourteen pun ;  
 Our cheese hes fill'd the rimmer ;  
 And uncle Megs hes sent us beef  
 Will sarra us aw at dinner.

And uncle Megs has heard frae Gworge ;  
He's gone to——I've forgittin,  
But it's some hard-word pleast owre seas,  
I'll ha'e the neame on't written ;  
I think they caw'd it Jemmycaw.\*  
Or else it is St. Christit,\*  
And if it isn't yen o' they,  
I' faikens, I ha'e mist it !

And peer auld Wully's telt his teale ;  
He'll niver tell anudder !  
And they've been up wi' uncle Megs,  
To wreyte it till his brudder ;  
For he was varry nwotishin  
Of ought that Wully wanted ;  
And monie time wad wreyte, and tell,  
They wad'nt see him scanted.

They brought him varra canny up ;  
He had the best o' linnen,  
And kept it just to mense dis deeth,  
'Twas peer auld Marget's spinnin.  
The house, and aw the bits o' things,  
Will just be for the brudder—  
I only wish he'd meade tem owre  
To Mary and her mudder ! ”

\* Jamaica, and St. Christopher's.



## BALLAD LXXXIII.

## THE CUMBERLAND SCOLD.

—O—

BY A LADY.

—O—

TUNE,—“*Jack o’ Latten.*”

—O—

**O**UR Dick’s sae cross—but what o’ that,  
 I’ll tell ye aw the matter ;  
 Pou up your heads—ay, deil may care,  
 Sae women-fwok mun chatter ;  
 And sae they may ; they’ve much to say,  
 But little are they meynded ;  
 OBEY is sec a fearfu’ word,  
 And that the married feynd it.

Our Dick com in, and said it rain’d,  
 Says I, “It meks nae matter!”—  
 “Ay but it dis, tou silly fuil !  
 But women-fwok mun clatter ;  
 They’re here, and there, and ev’ry-where,  
 And meakin sec a rumble,  
 Wi’-te-te-te, and te-te-te,  
 And grumble, grumble, grumble !”

Says I to Dick, to Dick says I,  
 “There’s nought i’ life can match thee !  
 Thy temper’s ayways bursting out,  
 And nought I say can patch thee.  
 I’s ass, and fuil, and silly snuil,  
 I’s naething but a noodle ;  
 I’s ayways wrang, and niver reet,  
 And doodle, doodle, doodle !”

“Deil bin !” says Dick, “if what I say  
Is nit as true as Beyble ;  
And gin I put te into prent,  
The fwok wad caw’t a reyble ;  
For deil a clout can tou set on,  
In onie form or fashion ;  
Or dui, or say a single thing  
To keep yen out o’ passion.”

“Tou is a bonny guest indeed !  
Tou is a toppin fellow !  
I think thy breast is meade o’ brass,  
Tou dis sae rwoar and bellow ;  
I nobbet wish that I were deaf,  
There’s ayways sec a dingin ;  
I never ken what I’s about,  
There’s sec a ring, ring, ringin !

Whee ever kens what tou’s about ?  
Tou’s ayways in a ponder ;  
Ay geavin wi’ thy open mouth,  
And wonder, wonder, wonder !  
But of aw the wonders i’ the warl,  
I wonder we e’er married ;  
It wad ha’e been a bonny thing,  
Had that breeght thought miscarried !

But, hark ye, Dick ! I’ll tell ye what—  
’Twas I that meade the blunder ;  
That I tuik up wi’ leyke o’ thee,  
Was far the greatest wonder !  
For tou was nowther guid nor rich,  
And temper’t leyke and Scratchen !  
The deil a day gangs owre my head,  
But, fracthum, fratchum, fratchum !”

## BALLAD LXXXIV.

## GOBBLESTONE PARISH.

—O—

BY A LADY.

—O—

TUNE,—“*Come under my plaidie.*”

**W**E'VE hed sec durdum at Gobbleston  
parish,  
For twonty lang years, there's nit been  
sec a fair ;

We'd slack reap, and teght reap, and dogs that  
were dancin,

Wi' leytle roun hats on, to gar the fwok stare :

A leytle black messet danc'd sae leyke auld  
Jenny,

I thought it wad niver run out o' my head ;  
It was last thing at neet, and the furst i' the  
mworning,

And I rwoar'd leyke a feuil as I laid i' my  
bed.

And we had stage playin, and actors frae  
Lunnon,

At hed sec a canny and bonny leyke say ;  
I forgat the black messet, and gowl'd leyke a  
ninny,

Tho' I said to mysel, “Wey, it's nobbet a  
play !”

But aw that was naething, for monie wer  
blinded,

And Jemmy, that brags aw the town for a  
feght,



He twistet and twirlt—it was just for an off-  
put,  
But aw wadn't dui, for he gowl'd hawf the  
neet.

And Betty Mac Nippen, and five of her dowters,  
As feyne as May garlans, were clwose at my  
back ;  
I was flayt they wad hinder fwok hear aw the  
speeching,  
But they gowl'd sec a gud'n, that nine o'  
them spack :

And Betty hes heard frae her sister in Lunnon,  
And she's sent the barns sec a mwort o'  
feyne things,  
That if Betty Mac Nippen wad mek tem stage  
players,  
She cud fit tem out, ay leyke queens or leyke  
kings.

Then down-the-brow Wully tuike up his cwoat  
lappet,  
And held it till his een, for he's given to  
jeer ;  
But I had it frae yen that was even fornenst  
him,  
'Twas weel for his sel, his cwoat lappet was  
near.

Oh—*Venus perserv'd* was the neame o' the actin,  
And *Jaffer* was him hed the beautiful weyfe ;  
Tho' I gowl'd aw the teyme, its a wonder to  
tell on't,  
I niver was hawf sae weel pleas'd i' my leyfe.



## BALLAD LXXXV.

## THE PEET-CADGER'S LAMENT.

—O—

TUNE,—“*Hey tutty tatty.*”Or, “*BURNS'S Fareweel to JEAN.*”

—O—

**M**Y bonny black meer's deed!  
The thought's e'en leyke to turn my head!  
She led the peets, and gat me bread;  
But what wull I dui now?  
She was bworn when Jwohn was bworn,  
Just ninteen years last Thursday mworn;  
Puir beast! had she got locks o' cworn,  
She'd been alive, I trow!

When young, just leyke a deil she ran;  
The car-geer at Durdar she wan;  
That day saw me a happy man,  
Now tears gush frae my e'e:  
For she's geane, my weyfe's geane,  
Jwohn's a swodger—I ha'e neane!  
Brokken! deyl'd! left my leane,  
I've nin to comfort me!

When wheyles I mounted on my yaud,  
I niver reade leyke yen stark mad;  
We toddled on, and beath were glad,  
To see our sonsie deame:  
The weyfe, the neybors, wheel she knew,  
And aw the deyke backs where gurse grew;  
Then when she'd pang'd her belly fou,  
How tow'rtly she cam heame!

Nae pamper'd beasts e'er heeded we ;  
Nae win or weet e'er dreeded we ;  
I niver cried woah, hop, or jee,  
    She kent—aye, iv'ry turn !  
And wheyles I gat her teates o' hay,  
And gev her watter tweyce a-day,  
She's deed ! She's deed, I'm wae to say ;  
    Then how can I but mourn ?

Frae Tindle-Fell twelve pecks she'd bring—  
She was a yaud, fit for a king !  
I never strack her, silly thing !  
    'Twas hard we twea sud part !  
I's auld, and feal'd, and ragg'd, and peer,  
And cannot raise anither meer ;  
But cannot leeve anither year !  
    The loss will break my heart !

*Robert Anderson.*

END OF THE BALLADS.



# NOTES.

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## NOTE I.

*Let's go to Rosley fair.*] These fairs are holden on an extensive tract of common, called Rosley-hill. They commence on Whit-Monday, and continue once a fortnight till Michaelmas. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of them by description.—One part of the hill is covered with horses and black cattle, with dealers, drovers, and jockies, who, if the day be windy and sultry, are involved in a hurricane of dust, almost as violent in its duration as that which sweeps the arid deserts of Africa: another part is overspread with the booths of mercers, milliners, hardwaremen, and bread-bakers. Here you see the mountebank, hawker, and auctioneer, addressing the gaping crowd from a wooden platform; and there you hear the discordant strains of a ballad-singer, the music of the bagpipe and the violin, of the fife, and “the spirit-stirring drum.”

Tents of innkeepers, crowded with bottles and barrels, are interspersed in every part of the festal ground, but particularly in the vicinity of the horse-fair, where the heat and dust of the day occasion a more than usual thirst; and, much to the honour of these *Knights of the cork and spigot*, the malt and spirituous liquors which they retail to their thirsty customers, are so judiciously diluted with water, that they operate with all the innocence of simple diuretics; so that it is not uncommon to see a company of hale farmers, after having exhausted all the casks and bottles in these *moving cellars*, returning to their own houses with all the sobriety and gravity in which they left them in the morning.

Of these fairs, which are prolonged till they dwindle into insignificance, the second is particularly noted for a fine assemblage of Cumbrian lasses, who, in dif-

ferent parties, parade the hill, in all the artless simplicity of rural beauty, till some rustic admirer displays his gallantry and his love, by escorting a select number of them to some neighbouring tent, and treating them with cake and punch, and the music of the bagpipe and fiddle. When these acknowledgments have been paid to their beauty, they return to the field to attack and to conquer; for to a girl, who has received from nature her share of beauty, the whole day is distinguished by a succession of triumphs. The cakes, ribbons, and handkerchiefs, (the tributes of rural gallantry) are, on their return home, carefully deposited, as so many illustrious trophies of their victories.

At these fairs are sold a species of cheese called *Whyllmyer*, or, as some whimsically style it, *Rosley Cheshire*. It is as remarkable for its poverty as that of Stilton is for its richness; and its surface is so hard, that it frequently bids defiance to the keenest edge of a *Cumbrian gully*, and its interior substance so very tough, that it affords rather occupation to the teeth of a rustic than nourishment to his body, making his hour of repast (to use the expression of an ingenious friend) the severest part of his day's labour.

About noon the boundaries of the fair are perambulated, or, as it is provincially called, "*ridden*,"—which exhibits a spectacle "sufficient" (to use the words of Dr. Johnson) "to awaken the most torpid risibility." A number of lairds, farmers, tradesmen, and mechanics, mount their horses, and, in a slow and solemn pace, wind round the circuit of the hill, accompanied by a train of venerable fiddlers, many of whom have been the tormentors of cat-gut for almost half a century. These minstrels, who, during the rest of the year, travel on foot from village to village, giving music in return for oats or barley, are on these occasions, by the favour of their friends, mounted on horseback, and provided with better clothes.

#### NOTE II.

*I went my ways down to Caryl fair.]* Carlisle fair, or, as it is called by the country people, Caryl fair, is holden on the 26th of August, and is so noted for the

number and variety of its amusements and choice of commodities, that there is hardly a villager within the circuit of ten miles who does not attend it, except perhaps two or three unhappy swains and nymphs, whom the authority of a morose parent, or a churlish master or mistress, confines at home.

A Cumberland lad, when he meets his sweetheart at a fair, whether by appointment or accident, throws his arms round her waist in all the raptures of love, conducts her to a dancing room, places her beside him on a bench, and treats her liberally with cake and punch. When a vacancy happens on the floor, he leads her out to dance a jig or a reel. If her choice be a reel, another partner being necessary, he makes a bow to some other girl in the company, and at the end of the dance he salutes each of his fair partners with a cordial kiss, if its cordiality can be ascertained by the loudness of its sound; for a plain honest rustic, impresses his kisses with so much vehemence on the roseate lips of his fair one, that they have been compared by Burns to the crack of a waggoner's whip: and, with equal nappiness, by the author of the preceding Ballads, to the sound of a gate's latch.

At the close of the day, a Cumbrian rustic would think himself deficient in common gallantry, if he omitted to escort his sweetheart to her own house,—a favour that she always repays by a more than usual portion of smiles on his next visit.

### NOTE III.

*When aw't auld fowk where liggin asleep.]* A Cumbrian peasant pays his addresses to his sweetheart during the silence and solemnity of midnight, when every bosom is at rest, except that of love and sorrow. Anticipating her kindness, he will travel ten or twelve miles, over hills, bogs, moors, and mosses, undiscouraged by the length of the road, the darkness of the night, or the intemperature of the weather. On reaching her habitation, he gives a gentle tap at the window of her chamber, at which signal she immediately rises, dresses herself, and proceeds with all



possible silence to the door, which she gently opens, lest a creaking hinge, or a barking dog, should awaken the family.

On his entrance into the kitchen, the luxuries of a Cumbrian cottage—cream and sugared curds—are placed before him by the fair hand of his DULCINEA. Next the courtship commences, previously to which the fire is darkened or extinguished, lest its light should guide to the window some idle or licentious eye. In this dark and uncomfortable situation, (at least uncomfortable to all but lovers), they remain till the advance of day, depositing in each other's bosoms the secrets of love, and making vows of unalterable affection.

Though I am so far partial to my fair country women, that in some instances I respect their very prejudices, I cannot conclude this note without representing to them the danger and impropriety of admitting the visits of their lovers during those hours of the night, which virtue and innocence have appropriated to repose. Nothing more encourages unbecoming familiarities, nothing more promotes dissolute manners, nothing more endangers female chastity, nothing more facilitates the designs of the seducer, than these *night-courtships*.

A custom that leads to such serious consequences, however general it may be, or whatever antiquity it may claim, cannot be too soon abolished; and I am so much convinced of the good sense and purity of mind of the Cumbrian fair, that I am confident as soon as they reflect on the guilt and misery to which it so often leads, their virtue will take alarm, and they will see the danger which arises from admitting the addresses of men in improper situations and at improper times.

#### NOTE IV.

*I got aw the news far and nar.]* Amidst the laborious duties which his condition of life imposes upon him, a Cumbrian peasant finds leisure and opportunities for collecting and disseminating village-news. His intelligence is gathered in different quarters, but

generally at the mill, while his batch of corn is grinding; or at the smithy, while his clogs are receiving their customary load of iron.

When he has completed his collection, he travels with all the expedition of a courier, from village to village, from house to house, gratifying every inquisitive mind, and attracting every vacant ear.

He is the "historian of his native plain," and gives an accurate relation of a wrestling or a boxing match, discriminating the respective merits of the combatants, and pointing out the causes that led to victory or defeat. If his own actions be the subject of his conversation, he becomes more than usually eloquent, elevating his tone and diction agreeably to the precept of Salust: "*dictis exæquanda sunt facta*," great actions demand a correspondent grandeur of style. To discover the extent of his political knowledge to the public, he assembles a group of his neighbours round his evening fire, or, after the fatigues of the day are finished, goes to the ale-house,

"Where village statesmen talk with looks profound,  
And news much older than their ale go round."

*Goldsmith.*

#### NOTE V.

*A boggle's been seen, &c.]* The fault of the present age is not that it believes too much, but that it believes too little. Its ILLUMINATI have ejected from their creeds not only the fables of giants, fairies, and necromancers, but the truths of revelation and the facts of sacred history. They wish to reform our politics,—our philosophy,—and our manners, and yet would take away that religion, to which we are indebted for our public and domestic happiness.

Were a missionary from this new school to visit those sequestered parts of Cumberland, where the superstitions of our ancestors are preserved in all their purity, what stubborn tenets would have to be contended with! What shades of mental darkness would his philosophy have to penetrate! In almost every cottage he would see the Bible, and the histories of



giants, fairies, witches, and apparitions, occupying the same shelf, and equally sharing the belief and engaging the attention of their rustic readers. The effects, indeed, of these sacred and fabulous records are different: the one shedding over the mind a pleasing serenity; the other, a sombre melancholy.

In the days of antiquity, the houses, woods, and rivers of Greece and Rome were frequented by Lares, Fauns, Dryads, and Naiads—all of them cheerful in their nature, and friendly to man. The GRACES and the LOVES sported on their plains, and on their mountains the MUSES strung their harps. But the Genii that haunt the romantic vallies, the hills, woods, and rivers of Cumberland, are so mischievous and malevolent in their disposition, so terrific in their aspect, and hostile to the human race, that a person would be thought very regardless of his safety, were he to entrust himself at any late hour of the night in the neighbourhood of their haunts. Though of an aerial nature, these beings often assume, during their nocturnal rambles on our earth, a corporeal form, that the gross optic nerves of poor mortals might be able to take their size, form, and aspect. They are generally taciturn; but when they do break silence, their unearthly cries “make night hideous.” The benighted peasant no sooner hears them than he discovers the imminence of his danger, and hastens home with precipitated steps, his hair standing on end, “like quills upon the fretful porcupine.” It sometimes happens that, in the rapidity of his flight, he is under the necessity of leaving his *clogs* in the mire, in order to save (what is certainly of greater consequence to a breathing mortal) his carcase.

#### NOTE VI.

*Oh, sec a weddin I’ve been at! ]* The day of marriage is in all countries a day of festivity; because the married state is supposed to bring an addition to our domestic happiness, perhaps greater than a cynical old bachelor will allow.

Among the plebeians of Cumberland the whole day glides away amidst music, dancing, and noisy

revelry. Early in the morning, the bridegroom, attended by a select party of his friends, and mounted on horseback, proceeds to the house of the bride, where they breakfast. As soon as this repast is finished, the bride makes a silent retreat, and arranges every ringlet. After she has paid this attention to her person, she joins the nuptial party, who proceed in a regular cavalcade towards the church, accompanied by a fiddler, who plays a succession of tunes correspondent to the festivity of the occasion, till they reach holy ground. As soon as the connubial knot is tied, the company proceed to some neighbouring ale-house, where many a flowing bumper of home-brewed ale is quaffed to the health of the married couple. Animated with earthly nectar, they gallop full speed towards the bride's habitation, where a handkerchief is presented to the person who shall first reach the goal.

When the dinner, which consists generally of beef, bacon, pies, and puddings, is placed upon the board, every individual in the party carves for himself, and loads his trencher with a mess of provisions, which many men, in these degenerate days, would consider as a sufficient burden for the back. After dinner the spirits of the company receive an additional elevation from copious potations of ale and whiskey, from the music of the village-minstrel, from the song and the dance. The effects of the liquor soon discover themselves in the clamorous tongue and roseate phiz of the rustic, which resembles a rising moon in all her glory.

In the evening a general pugilistic contest (the common consequence of intemperate cups) usually commences, presenting a scene worthy of the pencil of a Hogarth.

About midnight, or as soon as peace is established among the belligerent parties, the bride retires to her bed-chamber, and, while she undresses herself, delivers a stocking to one of her female attendants, who throws it among the company, and the person on which it lights, will, it is supposed, be next married.

## NOTE VII.

*De'il bin !*] A common mode of swearing among the Cumberland clowns. It is certainly a testimony of the refined manners, if not of the improved morals of the age, that oaths are banished from all polite circles, and are only to be found among the dregs of the commonalty.

## NOTE VIII.

*I was sebenteen last Collop-Monday.*] The first Monday before Lent is provincially called *Collop-Monday*; and the first Tuesday, *Pancake-Tuesday*;—because on these two days collops and pancakes form the chief repast of the country people;—a custom derived from our ancestors, who gave full indulgence to their appetites a day or two before the arrival of that long and meagre season—the Quadragesimal Fast.

## NOTE IX.

*Had tou seen her at kurk, &c.*] From the levity of air, which distinguishes some of my fair countrywomen during the hours of public worship, it would not be uncharitable to suppose that they attend the church from the same view as they do fairs. What can we think of a young woman whose eye is continually roving from one part of the audience to another, observing every dress and examining every countenance with the minuteness, if not with the penetration of a Lavator? What can we think, but that she is destitute of those soft, retiring graces, which so much adorn her sex, and give so much attraction to beauty?

## NOTE X.

*The dumb wife was tellin their fortunes.*] A person born without the faculty of speech, is thought, by the illiterate part of the Cumbrian peasantry, to possess the gift of prescience; and this supposed extraordinary endowment gives him so much confidence and veneration with that class of the community, that, if he possess not common honesty, it becomes the means of drawing pence from their pockets.

Fortune-telling (the most lucrative part of vaticination) is often professed by woman, who having no settled abode, travel from village to village, all of them really or pretendedly dumb; for the most voluble tongue among them can submit to a temporary restraint, when the credit of their profession, and consequently their livelihood, depends upon its silence.

As soon as one of these strolling sybils arrive at a village, she is immediately surrounded by a plebeian group all of them anxious to know "the colour of their future fate" and it is certainly something to her credit, that instead of adding cruelty to the crime of imposition, by darkening the prespective with a train of disasters, she scatters over it roses and sunshine. The laborious rustic, who at present provides with difficulty for the wants of the day, beholds his future hours gliding amidst affluence, abundance, and pleasures; while the village-maid, blushing with health and love, is gratified by the near approach of an honourable and opulent marriage. Yet these kind prophetesses, who lighten the pressure of the present moment, by making the destinies smile upon the future, are threatened with gaols, stocks, and pillories.

#### NOTE XI.

*Now, Kate, full forty years ha'e flown.]* We have here a venerable couple enjoying tranquility in their old age, after a severe struggle with the disasters of life. But though their youth had been pressed down with many distresses, and had been embarrassed with many difficulties, they could yet look back upon it with satisfaction, because it had been innocent, and recall to mind, without pain, the daily toils they had undergone, in providing for the wants of an infant family; because they could behold that family, which they had cherished with so much affection, acting their parts with credit on the stage of life, and repaying, with filial piety, the numerous favours which parental affection had conferred upon them.

The example of this aged couple may be proposed as a model of conduct to that part of the community whose lot is labour. Under all their necessities, dif-

ficulties and hardships, let them persevere in a faithful discharge of their duties,—and remember that VIRTUE will ultimately triumph over every species of external distress:

“Ye good distrest!  
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand  
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,  
And your bounded view, which only saw  
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:  
The storms of WINTER TIME will quickly pass,  
And one unbounded SPRING encircle all.”

*Thomson.*

## NOTE XII.

THE IMPATIENT LASSIE.] The passions of love, restrained by forms and ceremonies in the higher classes of society, breaks out in all its vehemence in the breast of a simple, uneducated country peasant. In him it is an instinct of nature, unchecked by delicacy, and unrefined by sentiment. As if ashamed to acknowledge its dominion, he visits the object of his affections under the shades of night, and always on a Saturday, that the effects of the night's vigils might be done away by the holiday of the succeeding day. His fair one waits for him with all the impatient ardour of love, chides the loitering moments; and should he not reach her habitation at the appointed hour, suffers all the anguish of foreboding fears:—some disastrous accident has befallen him, some coolness in his passion has taken place, some rival, with more beauty or more address, has supplanted her in his affections. Apprehensions like these continue to agitate her bosom, till a tap at her window or door announces the arrival of her suitor.

## NOTE XIII.

*Oh, durst we lasses nobbet gang.*] In most countries the men pay their addresses to the women, and not the women to the men; and custom, that has such great influence over human actions, has given to this practice almost the force and sanction of a political regulation. Though many local customs originate in accident, this however has its foundation in nature



and in reason ; for what fair one, with all the reserve and delicacy natural to her sex, would venture to disclose the secrets of her bosom on so tender a subject as that of love ? And if such be the constitutional timidity of the fair sex, let us spare their blushes, by anticipating their wishes, and meeting with equal ardour that passion which modesty and custom only allow them to discover by the silent language of the eye.

## NOTE XIV.

*Sit down, and I'll count owre my sweethearts.*] To have a great variety of sweethearts, is, in the opinion of a simple country girl, a virtual acknowledgment of the predominating force of her charms ; and she seldom discovers her error, till she finds herself neglected by every man whose esteem would be valuable, and whose addresses would do her honour.

Of so delicate a nature is female reputation, that the conduct of a young women ought not only to be free from guilt, but also free from suspicion ; and surely her chastity may be disputed, who, without any regard to their character, conduct, and views, indiscriminately admits of the visits of various suitors

## NOTE XV.

*To th' pocket-whole, &c.*] In this ballad poor *Snip* bears testimony to the effects of love by his blunders ; and he who laughs at his imbecility, and can behold the charms of a lovely women without emotion, must be something less, or something more, than man :—

“ For who can boast he never felt the fires,  
The trembling throbbings of the young desires,  
When he beheld the breathing roses glow,  
And the soft heavings of the living snow ;  
The waving ringlets of the auburn hair,  
And all the rapt'rous graces of the fair ;  
Ah ! what defence, if fixed on him he spy  
The languid sweetness of the steadfast eye !

*Lusiad.*

The charms of the fair have indeed in all ages triumphed over the human breast. The piety of David and the wisdom of Solomon gave way when opposed

to their force ; and Julius Cæsar, the conqueror of the world, forgot his fame and his victories in the arms of an Egyptian beauty. Even the mighty Hercules threw down his club with which he had achieved so many arduous enterprises, and became a humble suitor at the feet of an imperious fair one.

## NOTE XVI.

'*Twas last Leady Fair, &c.*] This fair is held on Lady-day at Wigton, and, like other Cumbrian fairs, passes away amidst mirth, music, and dancing.

## NOTE XVII.

*Wi' Laird Hodgon, &c.*] In Cumberland the appellation of *laird* is applied to the proprietors of landed property, and to their eldest sons. Their oldest daughters are styled *ladies*.

## NOTE XVIII.

*For that was the pleace my grandfadder was bworn in.*] A predilection for the place of our nativity is a patriotic prejudice that does honour to our feelings, and shows a heart formed for receiving the best impressions. It displays itself in early life, and does not diminish with years, with absence, with travel, or with distance. A Cumbrian mountaineer feels its influence, when, amidst the rudest scenes of nature, he contentedly sits down in his paternal cottage, takes his homely fare, sings his artless song, or joins in the rustic dance.—

"Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,  
He sees his little lot the lot of all ;  
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,  
To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;  
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,  
To make him loath his vegetable meal ;  
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,  
Each wish contracting fits him for the soil."

*Goldsmith.*

In whatever distant country, or in whatever situation of life fortune may place us, we still remember with affection the place of our birth, and cheer the hours of absence with the hopes of returning to it,—of seeing again the companions of our early years,—



and of revisiting those scenes that have been long endeared to us by tender recollections. In what melting strains of genuine pathos did Ovid break out when, in those remote regions to which he was banished, he recollected his country, his home, and his friends.

*Et pœna est patria sola carere mea !*

#### NOTE XIX.

TOM LINTON.] A man of licentious opinions and dissolute morals is considered, by his companions in guilt, as a liberal thinker, and as a man of spirit and gallantry ; but, to the virtuous and wiser part of the world, he appears as a timid and illiberal-minded wretch, callous to every honourable feeling, and as contracted in his understanding as he is depraved in his heart. It may seem strange that such a description of men exist in a kingdom peculiarly distinguished by the excellency of its constitution, its laws, and its religion. But if, among the great and illustrious characters which our country has produced there may be found some who disgrace her, who can help it ? The soil that gives growth and vigour to the majestic oak, frequently nourishes the loathsome reptile.

#### NOTE XX.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.] The numerous instances of domestic felicity, which we meet with among the lower classes of Society, and the dissatisfaction and inquietude which so often prevail among the higher ranks, will convince us, that to acquire riches and distinction, is not to acquire contentment and happiness. With health, industry, and virtue, happy in his domestic relations, in his kindred, in his friends with limited wishes, and all his thoughts at home, the poor man enjoys comforts which wealth cannot purchase, or rank confer. Every remove from his humble, unambitious situation, would probably be so many removes from innocence and peace.

Poverty indeed, however supported by virtue, has its peculiar distresses ; but what are its distresses to

the pangs felt by guilty affluence? On the innocent and uncorrupted heart gleams of comfort are continually darting through the darkest shades of human life.

### NOTE XXI.

*Now monie a wife will weep for joy.*] Peace brings so many blessings, and puts a period to so many calamities, that it can hardly be purchased by too great sacrifices. What pleasing sensations does it afford to a feeling and patriotic heart to hear the carol of joy and contentment in every village; to see domestic happiness restored to an afflicted family, by the return of a husband, a father, or a favourite son; to behold the spirit of trade, commerce, and agriculture revive, and receive new energies; and to see wealth, plenty, and happiness diffused through the nation by a hundred different channels! If such be the effects of peace, who can behold without a tear those guilty laurels which have been obtained in unjust wars, amidst scenes of blood and devastation,—amidst the widow's tears and the orphan's cries!

### NOTE XXII.

*I think o' my playmates, &c.*] We always look back with pleasure on our early years, because at that period every object that surrounds us appears in gay and pleasing colours; our hearts are light, our affections warm, our hopes eager, and our pursuits ardent.

In whatever part of the world we reside, we always feel a passionate desire to return to the spot where we passed the hours of our early life: to see again the companions of our childhood; to re-trace the scenes of our juvenile frolics; to re-visit the green where we have sported, the shades under which we have reposed, and the banks where we often loitered. A modern poet, in describing the scenes where his early youth was passed, breaks out in the genuine language of poetry and of nature:

“Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!

Ah, fields beloved in vain!

Where once my careless childhood stray'd,

A stranger yet to pain!

I feel the gales that from you blow  
 A momentary bliss bestow ;  
 As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,  
 And, redolent of joy and youth  
 To breathe a second spring."

*Gray.*

These tender feelings, which exist in a more or less degree in every bosom, afford a melancholy attestation that the more we advance in life the more are our years loaden with sorrow, with care, and with discontent.

### NOTE XXIII.

*That farmers are happier, &c.]* The poets, in their descriptions of human felicity, generally draw their images from pastoral life, because, they suppose where there is simplicity there is also innocence and happiness. But when we search in rural life for the original from which they draw their beautiful pictures, we search for what is not always to be found. We often see there vice in all its grossness, and the tranquillity of life destroyed by the agitation of the passions. With the ploughman's song and the shepherd's lute we sometimes hear the murmurs of complaint, and the voice of discontent. In every situation the degree of happiness and misery will be found in proportion to prevalence of virtue and vice.

### NOTE XXIV.

*Oh this weary, weary warl.]* Such will be the exclamation of every one who has lived to that period of life when the powers of sensation are blunted, when worldly objects no longer attach the heart, and when these amusements which gave rapture to youth can no longer please. Weighed down with infirmities and sorrow, and standing on the stage of life as a friendless, forlorn, insulated individual, the burden of an old man's song must ever be, "Oh this weary, weary world!"

## NOTE XXV.

LAL STEPHEN.] The hero of this ballad seems to have been from his multifarious accomplishments, the CREIGHTON of his village. Though diminutive in stature, yet his agility and prowess, his superior skill in rural occupations, and expertness at gymnastic exercises, highly exalted him in the eyes of his country women, and gave him a reputation that was not soon to decay; and a clown is as proud of his rustic honours as a warrior is of his laurels, or a poet is of his lays.

## NOTE XXVI.

*To set me out a mile o' geate.*] Sometimes a girl shows her affection to her lover by accompanying him a part of the road on his return home; and the enamoured rustic usually repays this mark of regard by an increased love in his next visit to her.

## NOTE XXVII.

*At Carel I stuid wi' a strae i' my mouth.*] in Cumberland, servants who are employed in husbandry, are seldom engaged for a longer term than half a year. On the customary days of hiring, they proceed to the nearest town, and that their intentions might be known, stand in the market-place with a sprig or straw in their mouths.

## NOTE XXVIII.

*Them ill reed-cwoated fellows, &c.*] In every profession there are men who disgrace it. We cannot condemn in too severe terms those sergeants of recruiting parties who inlist their countrymen, when excess of drinking has deprived them of all reason and reflection. To recruit our army, it is not necessary to have recourse to unjustifiable arts. There will never be wanting volunteers to fill its ranks, as long as we know the value of that constitution which secures to us our civil and religious liberties.

## NOTE XXIX.

MATTHEW MACREE.] This noted rustic seems to have reached the pinnacle of village fame. He had recommended himself to the notice of the fair, like the knight errants in the times of chivalry, by the variety of his accomplishments. He excelled at running, wrestling, leaping, and boxing. His Stentorian voice and sonorous sounds gained him the reputation of a singer and a scholar. And let no person despise MATTHEW MACREE. He attained so much distinction as satisfied his ambition; and what greater gratification do they receive who fill the world with their names?

## NOTE XXX.

*I can't for the life o' me get ker to work.*] When love makes an attack upon us, he never grants us a truce till he has subdued the heart. He pursues us to our occupations, to our amusements, to our closets, to our chambers. The whole mind is engrossed by the object of our affections, and nothing gives us pleasure but what has an immediate or indirect relation to it; while with the possession or loss of it we connect our happiness or misery.

## NOTE XXXI.

*Ay, lad! sec a merry-neet, &c.*] The common people in Cumberland, like the common people in all countries, have their festive scenes, in which they mingle with ardour, and forget awhile the toils, cares, and hardships peculiar to their stations. Amidst their coarse and homely pastimes their hearts expand to gaiety, and receive more genuine gratification than is to be found among those splendid amusements which the rich, the idle, and the dissipated have invented to diversify life, and remove that tædium, languor, and disquietude, which oppress a heart enervated by luxury, and corrupt by vice.

A Cumbrian MERRY-NIGHT is, as its name imports, a night appropriated to mirth and festivity. It takes place at some country ale-house, during the holidays of Christmas, a season in which every Cumbrian pea-



sant refuses to be governed by the cold and niggardly maxims of economy and thrift. That the guests might want nothing to cheer their hearts, the landlord of the house is careful to replenish his cellar with ale and spirits, as well as to provide bread and cheese, pipes and tobacco, cards and music.

The young women, who are particularly fond of these diversions, and who are introduced to them by some friend, relation, or lover, have pies placed before them; and that girl must be modest indeed who refuses to taste of a luxury when it is within her reach.

The company is divided into different parties, according to their different propensities, and to the different amusements to which they are attached. They whose ruling passion is card-playing, seat themselves in some apartment where they can obtain a comfortable fire and a commodious table.—The *sweethearters* retire to some snug, sequestered corner, where, unseen by any licentious eye, and unheard by any idle ear, they can breathe the vows and speak the soft language of love. They who are fond of dancing, enjoy their diversion in the house-loft, to which they ascend by means of stone steps or a ladder. Its walls are generally very low; but, as there is no ceiling, a very tall person may stand erect under its roof. The dancers exhibit specimens of agility, rather than of skill; and though their heads have often stubborn rencounters with the beams and rafters of the building, they are seldom forsaken by either their spirits or their elasticity.

The music is that of the fiddle; and, if it be not so powerful as the minstrelsy of old times, which gave motion to stocks, trees, and stones, it may be truly said of it (and which is certainly no little praise), that it gives activity, if not grace, to the big, unwieldy limbs of a Cumbrian clown.

They who love flowing bumpers seat themselves in the kitchen, or bower, where

“The dry divan  
Close in firm circle; and set, ardent, in  
For serious drinking.”

Thomson.



These are the jovial and legitimate sons of Bacchus, who know no other pleasures of life than that which is supplied by the bottle. He who wastes life in an ambitious pursuit of power or distinction, and the sordid wretch who starves amidst accumulated treasures, are alike the objects of his contempt and satire. Even the "whining lover," whose happiness or misery is produced by the smiles or the frowns of his mistress, betrays, in his opinion, a weak, despicable understanding, that hardly entitles him to a place in the scale of thinking beings. These boon companions of the glass are the last lingering remains of these festive meetings, seldom departing till their roseate faces receive the reflection of the next day's sun.

## NOTE XXXII.

*How monie a scowre this angry neet.]* The comforts that are found in a cottage often more than counterbalance the toils and hardships attending a life of poverty. Happy in the society of his wife and family, blest with a healthy and vigorous constitution, industrious, temperate and innocent, what is there in the nature of things that can improve his condition?—When he becomes dissatisfied, it is when he suffers his thoughts and imagination to roam about scenes of grandeur—among luxuries and expensive pleasures—among the pompous pursuits and amusements, of the great—all of which are but so many different modifications of splendid misery.

## NOTE XXXIII.

*'Twas Rob and Jock, &c.]* The convivial meeting celebrated in this ballad, may vie, in many respects, with the most distinguished *symposiums* of Greece and Rome. Had old Anacreon composed one of the party, with what rapture would he have surveyed the capacious vessel that contained a pool of liquor, of a superior quality to the famed nectar of the gods!—With what animation would he have snaken his hoary locks! What a glow would all his features have received from the spirituous fluid! And with what vigour would he have struck his lyre in its praise!

The party here alluded to were our author and a few jovial friends. ARCHY, to whose comfortable cabin they were invited, is a well-known, industrious, and respectable tradesman—the scourge of pretenders, but the friend of humble merit: a man who possesses the endearing qualities, benevolence of heart, and cheerfulness of disposition,

“By Nature formed in her most sportive mood.”

He is one of the few who can put care to the rout, make his friends happy, and keep the table in a roar.

#### NOTE XXXIV.

*At town, kurk, market, &c.]* A beautiful country girl makes a swain feel the force of her charms wherever she beholds him: even “Sunday shines no Sabbath day to him.” At his very devotion she points against him the artillery of her eye. In short, she attacks him in every place, and, what is still more cruel, when she has subdued his heart, often plays with his passion, refusing her hand to the man, whose affections she has gained. She ought however, to observe that a conqueror’s glory is his lenity, and that her behaviour to her captives ought to be humane, if not generous; and not like that of a heathen victor, who dragged them at the wheels of his triumphant chariot.

#### NOTE XXXV.

*But as for Jwohnie, &c.]* In every Cumbrian village there is generally a rustic politician, who has established his political reputation among his countrymen by volubly discoursing on the state of the nation. At his leisure hours, he assembles a group of his neighbours round his fire-side, reads to them a provincial newspaper, comments upon every paragraph, reviews every transaction, points out all the errors of the ministry, and concludes by laying down a system of politics, which, in his opinion, would put the good things of life more within the reach of him and his countrymen, and enable them to dine and breakfast upon roast-beef and plumb-pudding, instead of *cow’d lword* and oatmeal pottage.

## NOTE XXXVI.

*The schuilmaister's a conjuror, &c.]* Few occupations are attended with more labour and less profit than that of a country schoolmaster. In Cumberland his income seldom exceeds thirty pounds a-year, for which he teaches forty or fifty scholars, during nine or ten hours of the day. If he be a single man, his stipend, with rigid economy, may be equal to his support; but if he be married, and have a family, his distress must be great indeed! In some parts of Cumberland his situation is somewhat improved; for he not only receives quarter-pence, but is provided with victuals at the homes of his scholars, which he visits in succession. This *whittle-gait* (as it is called) subjects him however to the toil of travelling, as many of the houses, in which he is entitled to his victuals, are situated at a great distance from his school, and the roads to them scarcely passable during the winter season; but what difficulties cannot a rustic pedagogue, with a keen appetite and a vigorous constitution, overcome in pursuit of a dinner? Provided with an oaken staff, a pair of *clogs*, and a *kelt* surtout, he travels always with spirit and expedition to his kail and crowdy, unintimidated by the length of the road, or the tempestuousness of the weather.

## NOTE XXXVII.

*Our parson says we bang'd them still.]* Nothing tends more to inspire valour than a knowledge of the achievements of our ancestors. A British soldier does not calculate the number of his enemies when he recalls to mind the battles of Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. The study of history, particularly that of our own country, should therefore form an important part in the system of education. It will be the means of making us better patriots and better men; for he must be lost to every honourable feeling, whose loyalty and patriotism do not kindle at the names of a Falkland and a Montrose.

## NOTE XXXVIII

*The witch weyfe begg'd in our backseyde.]* In Cumberland, the word *backside* implies that space of ground which lies immediately behind the house;—but, in its common acceptation, it conveys an idea less refined, and is particularly apt, in the mouth of a rustic, to wound the delicate ear of a fine lady, unacquainted with its provincial signification.

A plain Cumberland farmer, being called to London on some law business, took the opportunity to visit his landlord, whose residence was in Spring Garden; but not finding him at home, he entered into a chat with his daughter, a fashionable fine lady, who very civilly showed him all the house, and was highly diverted with his remarks on every thing he saw. In the course of his survey, honest HODGE, casually resting his hand upon a certain *be-corked* part of her dress, exclaimed with much simplicity, while he popped his head out of the window,—“*The leevin surs, Miss! what a muckle BACKSIDE you ha’e gotten! It cannot seerly be aw your awn?*”—i.e., “Wonderful, Miss! what a spacious *backside* you have gotten! It cannot surely be all your own?” To this plain question a blush was the only answer which the lady returned.

## NOTE XXXIX.

*Auld Grizzy, the witch, &c.]* Such of the Cumbrian peasantry, whose ideas have not been enlarged by education, have a firm belief in witchcraft and necromancy; and discover in the person of every deformed old woman, a witch and a magician, whose favour they are anxious to conciliate, and whose vengeance they are solicitous to avert. If poor Hodge fall from his cart, and dislocate his neck; if he be wildered on some dreary moor; if some contagious distemper destroy his cattle, or some pestilential sickness afflict his family; in short, all the calamities and misfortunes that visit him or his neighbours, are imputed to her infernal incantations.

## NOTE XI.

*Whea was't that brak our lanlword' garth?*] To pillage a garden or an orchard is generally considered as a venial fault in a school-boy, and even praise is bestowed on the spirit with which the enterprise is executed. But certainly every tendency to vice cannot be too soon corrected, as a disposition to virtue cannot be too soon formed.

## NOTE XLI.

*My Gwordie's whussle weel I ken.*] A life of severe labour does not depress the spirits of a peasant. On his return to his cottage, after the toils of the day are over, he makes the woods and valleys echo with his song, and "*the maid of his heart*" is generally the theme of his praise; happy if his notes catch her ear, and happier still if they be heard with partiality, and incline her to meet with equal ardour the passion that dictated them.

## NOTE XLII.

*I mind what, &c.*] The pleasures which the aged enjoy are mostly supplied by memory. Amidst their increasing infirmities, they dwell with peculiar delight on the days of their youth,—on those happy hours when every object seemed gilded in the brightest colours,—when the heart was light, and all around them joy and festivity. They are fond of recounting their juvenile frolics, exploits, and adventures; and when they are the narrators of their own actions, a partiality for the subject generally leads to a minuteness of detail that would weary every ear, except that of garrulous old age.

## NOTE XLIII.

*Come, gi'es thy hand, Gabey!*] Modern friendships are for the most part rather nominal than real; they profess much, but mean nothing. Their language never comes from the heart. It is formal and ceremonious, breaks out in fulsome compliments and extravagant panegyric, and applies nearly the same set of phrases to the genius and to the dunce, to the wise and the foolish, to the virtuous, to the vicious.



## NOTE XLIV.

*Our Ellek likes fat bacon weel.]* There is nothing fastidious in the appetite of a Cumbrian rustic. His repast at noon generally consists of a *crowdy*, a *cow'd lword*, and a piece of bacon. If the bacon be boiled, he sups the broth; if fried, he pours the melted fat among his potatoes. A *cow'd lword* is a cant name for a kind of pudding composed of oatmeal, tallow, suet, and hog's-lard, which, to a rustic palate, is always a luxurious dish. A *crowdy* is composed of oatmeal and the marrow of beef or mutton bones, and is the introductory dish that takes off something from the keenness of a ploughman's appetite.

When potatoes solely constitute the dinner, the mess is more than usually large. After boiling some time, they are beaten and mashed by a club-headed wooden instrument, called a *tatoe-chopper*, and the whole mass placed upon a platter. In the centre of this fuming pile is a cavity filled with melted butter, or the fat of bacon, into which every one at table merges his spoon or knife loaden with potatoes.

The breakfast and supper generally consist of thick pottage, a kind of food made of oatmeal and water, and boiled till it becomes a viscous mass. The general bread of the peasantry is composed of barley fermented with dough, and baked in an oven. In the parts bordering on Scotland a sort of barley and oat-cakes, called *scons* and *bannocks*, are used.

## XLV.

*O, Wully, had tou nobbet been at Burgh Races !]* Some villages in Cumberland have their annual horse races. The prize is commonly a saddle or a bridle, and the horses that run for it are the property of the neighbouring *lairds* and farmers, and without any previous discipline, are brought from the plough or cart to the course.

When the race is finished, the country lads proceed with their sweethearts to the village ale-house, where they dance, sing, and drink, and talk over the adventures of the day.



The races celebrated in this ballad took place on the 3rd of May, 1804, at Brough, or Burgh, a village in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, where our warlike Edward died on an expedition that was to decide the fate of Scotland. The prize was a silver cup, given by Lord Lowther, which, besides its intrinsic value, £50, conferred an honour on the winner, equal at least to the garland of wild olive, worn by the victors at the Olympic games.

## NOTE XLVI.

*There was, "How fens te, Tommy?" &c.]* When an honest Cumbrian rustic meets an acquaintance, he addresses himself to him by the warm interrogatory, "*How fens to?*" i.e., "*How fares it with you in respect to health?*" If the person to whom the question is addressed be in a good state of health, the reply is, "*I's gaily,*" i.e., I am in good health and spirits.

## NOTE XLVII.

*Man thyself, Jemmy!]* Before the company depart from country horse-races, a stubborn contest with fists usually commences, in which the rustic warriors are animated by the praises of their sweethearts. Sometimes a courageous rural dame takes an active part in the battle, and brings succour to her fainting lover by directing, with the vigour of an amazon, a few desperate blows against the nose of his antagonist.

## NOTE XLVIII

*I peep'd through the window, &c.]* The windows of many farm-houses in Cumberland are without shutters, and some of them without curtains;—so, during a winter night, while the fire is cheerfully blazing, the whole family, and every part of the kitchen and furniture, are revealed to the sight of every idle eves-dropper. The honest sweetheart, however, when he pays his nocturnal visit to his *dulcinea*, peeps through the glass with no other view than of gratifying his sight with the looks and motions of

the fair object of his affections, happy if he find no rival participating in her smiles and conversation.

#### NOTE XLIX.

*Peer Dinah Dufton, &c.*] It must be an insensible heart that does not feel for the fate of those unfortunate females who have been seduced from the paths of virtue and innocence, by the artifices of a set of men who are the disgrace of their country, and the pests of society. The crime of seduction has spread general misery. It has even filled rural life, (from which the poets of all ages have drawn their finest images of felicity,) with complaint, disease, and wretchedness; and if such be its effects, he is no friend to his country who does not wish that some effectual check were put to it.

#### NOTE L.

*Says Ned, says he, the thimmel gi'e me.*] A village swain endeavours to ingratiate himself into the favour of his sweetheart by making her such presents as are within the reach of his humble circumstances, such as handkerchiefs, ribbons, gloves, thimbles, beads, &c. In all ranks of life, the cold virtue of savingness gives way to the warmth of love.

#### NOTE LI.

*There was ill gusty Jemmy, the Cocker o' Codbeck.*] A cocker is a character that a humane mind will always contemplate with disgust. The diversion which he is fond of can only gratify a heart lost to virtue and divested of feeling, or attract an understanding feeble, and barren of ideas. When we see the profligate and squalid crowds that attend a country cock-fight, we cannot but feel for the honour of human nature, and regret that a practice, which has such a direct tendency to brutalize the heart, should be suffered to prevail in a country which can boast of the mildest government and the purest religion.

## NOTE LII.

*But canny auld Cumberlan, &c.]* The traveller, whose object is amusement, and not the acquisition of money, may gratify his passion by a tour through Cumberland. Scenes of picturesque beauty will everywhere present themselves to his eye. Keswick, where mountains, rocks, precipices, and cataracts are contrasted with peaceful vales and placid lakes, has been justly called "*The Elysium of the North*;" for if elysium is to be found upon earth, it must surely be in that happy vale, which Nature has so peculiarly distinguished by her bounties, and surrounded with such rich and magnificent scenery; and where may be found a race of men leading happy and peaceful lives, strangers to the follies and unagitated by the passions that fill the rest of the world with crimes and misery.

## NOTE LIII.

*We've Corby, &c.]* Corby Castle, by far the most delightful situation in Cumberland (perhaps in the North), stands on the banks of Eden, four miles from Carlisle. Its hanging woods of various hues. hoarse, murmuring streams, stupendous rocks, echoing cells, and extensive walks, have so often been the traveller's theme, that any attempt at minute description might justly be deemed vanity in our author.

The late owner, HENRY HOWARD, Esq., has added great beauties to a place, where Nature seemed to say,

Behold me, man, in all my wild attire!

And while he, from every manly, patriotic, and virtuous principle, enjoyed the confidence of the highest circles, his amiable lady was the idol of the tenantry and neighbouring villagers;

Softening the pangs of sickness, want, and sorrow,  
While thousands ruin seek in lewd excess,  
And rob the wretched, Heav'n has plac'd beneath them.

R. A.

## NOTE LIV.

*Nin like thee cud fling the gavelick.]* The brawny rustics of Cumberland are fond of athletic exercises. They sometimes make a trial of their strength by pitching the gavelick, or lever, and sometimes by lifting huge stones, almost equal in size and weight to that with which the mighty Hector forced the Grecian fortifications :—

“ A pond’rous stone bold Hector heav’d to throw,  
Pointed above, and rough and gross below :  
Not two strong men th’ enormous weight could raise,  
Such men as live in these degen’rate days.”

*Iliad.*

## NOTE LV.

*Then, Job, I mind at your kurn-supper.]* When a Cumbrian farmer has cut down his corn, he makes an entertainment, to which he invites the reapers and a few of his neighbours. This entertainment is called a *kurn*, or *churn* ; because a quantity of cream, slightly churned, was originally the only dish which constituted it. In the progress of modern luxury, other dishes have been added to this rural feast, and a rustic epicure may now riot amidst a profusion of pies, plumb-puddings, and dumplings.

## NOTE LVI.

*And, Jeff, when met at Cursmass cairdins.]* In Cumberland, a succession of diversions, and feasts, merri-ments, distinguishes the holidays of Christmas. Of the different festive meetings which take place at that season, card-playing constitutes a considerable portion of the amusement ; and the cottage that can supply a stool, ashes-board, and a rush-light, has sufficient accommodation for a rustic card-player.

## NOTE LVII.

*I’ll hev a young weyfe swin !]* A man, with his bosom inflamed with love, while his head is crowned with the hoar of age, exhibits as strange a phenomenon as the mountain that contains fire in its bowels, while its summit is crowned with snow ; and when

he leads a young woman to the altar, he is always subject to the ridicule of the world. But if it be true, what the author of "The Valetudinarian's Bath Guide" advances, that the breath of young girls has a salubrious effect on the constitution of old men, his marriage at so late a period of life, ought to be rather adduced as an instance of mature wisdom than of doating folly.

## NOTE LVIII.

*A wee swope guid yell is a peer body's comfort.]* A poor man's comforts and amusements are confined within narrow limits; but, as narrow as they are, there are those who would wish to contract them.—They would not only take from him his dance and *merry night*, but also his pot of ale at the village ale-house, where, after the labour of the day, he sometimes relaxes himself among companions of similar manners, pursuits, and habits of life; and an indulgence certainly innocent, provided it be not carried to an excess ruinous to himself and family. His life is a life of labour and often of distress. If he sometimes steal from care and toil to the place "where nut-brown draughts inspire," who can blame him?

## NOTE LIX.

*The dang'rous yell-house kills monie brave fellows.]* Moderate cups administer comfort to the heart, open its springs, and keep up the spirit of social intercourse; but numerous are the evils which flow from intemperate drinking. How many promising youths, who, by their talents and genius, were capable of sustaining the dignity of the human character, has this baleful habit sunk into insignificance and contempt, or hurried to an untimely grave! How many bosoms, formed for virtue and happiness, has it filled with guilt and misery!

In the time of King Edgar, the vice of drunkenness so much prevailed, that he endeavoured to check it by limiting the number of ale-houses, and ordering nails or pins to be fixed, at stated distances, in the drinking



cups and horns, by which marks the drinkers were to regulate their draughts, or suffer punishment. What effect these regulations produced at that time I do not know; but I'm afraid that pins and penalties would be feeble barriers against the vigourous draughts of a modern toper.

#### NOTE LX.

*We went owre to Deavie' clay-daubin.*] In the eastern and northern parts of Cumberland, the walls of houses are in general composed of clay, and in their erection take seldom more than the space of a day. When a young rustic marries, the highest ambition of his heart is to be the master of an humble clay-built cottage, that might afford shelter to him and his family. As soon as he has selected a proper site, which usually borders on some moor that affords turf and peat for fuel, he signifies his intentions to his neighbours, who, on the appointed day, punctually muster on the spot where the intended building is to be raised, each individual bringing a spade and one day's provisions along with him.

That every thing might be done in order, and without confusion, a particular piece of work is assigned to each labourer. Some dig the clay, some fetch it in wheelbarrows, some water it and mix it with straw, and some heave it upon the walls. The rustic girls, (a great many of whom attend on the occasion,) fetch the water, with which the clay is softened, from some neighbouring ditch or pond. When the walls are raised to their proper height, the company have plenty to eat and to drink; after which the lads and the lasses, with faces incrustated with clay and dirt, take a dance upon the clay-floor of the newly-erected cottage.

#### NOTE LXI.

*See, deame, if we've got a swope whusky.*] Whisky, diluted with water, is the common beverage of the rustic inhabitants of the north of Cumberland; and though their rum bottle may sometimes be exhausted, they seldom fail to be pretty well stocked, (notwith-



standing the vigilance of the exciseman) with contraband whisky.

## NOTE LXII.

*I' th' kurk garth the clark caw'd his seale.*] "The kurk-garth, or church-yard, on a Sunday morning," observes an ingenious friend, "Is to the country people of Cumberland what the Exchange is to the merchants of London, and answers all the purposes of business or amusement, and from whence general information is to be sent round the parish."

The *kurk-fwoke*, or congregation, therefore, usually stop about the church-door, after the service is done, to hear these notices, which are mostly given by the parish clerk, elevated upon a *thruff*, or flat tombstone, sometimes from a written paper, and sometimes taken verbally from the mouth of the party concerned. This latter mode, in the tone and dialect of an old formal psalm-singer, produces often a very curious effect, as is exemplified in the following notice, actually delivered a few years ago at the door of Stanwix church, near Carlisle:—

CLERK.—Hoa-a-z-yes!—This is to give nwoice, that there is to be, on Wednesday neist, at—(When?)

MAN.—Twelve.

CLERK.—Twelve of the Clock precisely—(Whar?)

MAN.—Linstock.

CLERK.—At Linstock, near Rickar-by, a sale of—(What?)

MAN.—Esh for car-stangs.

CLERK.—A sale of esh-wood—for car-stangs; and if any body wants to ken aught mair about it, they maun apply to—(Wheay?)

MAN.—Thomas Dobson.

CLERK.—Thomas Dobson, clerk of Stanwix; that is, Mister.—(Any thing mair?)

MAN.—Nay, that's aw.

CLERK.—Wa' then, God save the King!—(How fend ye, Mister Ritson? how fend ye?)

This manner of making a public proclamation through the medium of a prompter, is by no means

modern ; it occurs exactly in the second scene of the third act of "*The New Inn*," by Ben Johnson.

## NOTE LXIII.

*The lads rubb'd her down wi' pez-straw.*] A Cumbrian girl, when her lover proves unfaithful to her, is by way of consolation, rubbed with pease-straw by the neighbouring lads ; and when a Cumbrian youth loses his sweetheart, by her marriage with a rival, the same sort of comfort is administered to him by the lasses of the village.

END OF NOTES.



# GLOSSARY.

—:—:—

## A

Abed, in bed  
 Abuin, above  
 Ae, one  
 Advisin, advising  
 Afwore, before  
 A-fit, on foot  
 Agean, against  
 Ahint, behind  
 A-horse, on horseback  
 Ail, to be indisposed  
 Aikton, a village near  
     Wigton  
 Ajy, awry  
 Alang, along  
 Allyblaster, allabaster  
 Amang, among  
 Ambrie, pantry  
 Anent, opposite  
 Anunder't, under it  
 Anuddèr, another  
 Aroun, around  
 As-buird, ashes-board ; a  
     box in which ashes are  
     carried  
 'At, contraction of *that*  
 Atomy, skeleton  
 Atween, between  
 Auld, old  
 Aunty, aunt  
 Aw, all  
 Awn, own  
 Ax, to ask  
 Ay! expression of wonder  
 Ayont, beyond

## B

'Bacco, tobacco  
 Bairns, children  
 Bandyln, a female of bad  
     character  
 Bang, to beat ; an action  
     of haste, as, *he com in*  
     *wi' a bang*  
 Baith, both  
 Bane, bone  
 Bailies, bailiffs  
 Bannocks, bread made of  
     oatmeal, thicker than  
     common cakes.  
 Backseyde, the yard be-  
     hind a house  
 Bashfu', bashful  
 Batter, dirt  
 Bawk, a cross beam  
 Behint, behind  
 Bein, being  
 Bet, a wager ; beat  
 Bettermer, better  
 Beyde, to endure, to stay  
 Belder, to bellow, vocife-  
     rate  
 Belsh, to emit wind from  
     the stomach  
 Biggin, building  
 Bit, a small piece  
 Billy, brother  
 Bizen, (see shem)  
 Bleaken'd, blackened  
 Blate, bashful  
 Bleer-e'e'd, blear-eyed

Bleets, blights  
 Bleckell, Blackwell, a vil-  
 lage near Carlisle  
 Blin, blind  
 Bluid, blood  
 Bluim, bloom  
 Blaw, blow  
 Blusteration, the noise of  
 a braggart  
 Boggle, hobgoblin  
 Bout, a turn ; action  
 Bodder, bother  
 Bowt, bought  
 Bonnie, pretty  
 Bow-hough'd, having  
 crooked houghs  
 Brack, broke  
 Brag, boast  
 Braid, broad  
 Bran new, quite new  
 Brat, a coarse apron  
 Bray, to beat  
 Bravely, in a good state of  
 health  
 Breer, briar  
 Breet, bright  
 Brees'd, bruised  
 Brecks, breeches  
 Breyde, bride  
 Brig, bridge  
 Brong, brought  
 Brunt, burnt  
 Brulliment, broil  
 Brast, burst  
 Buin, above  
 Buits, boots  
 Bumm'd, struck : beat  
 Bunc'd, an action of haste,  
 as, *he bunc'd in amang us*  
 Buck up, to subscribe  
 Butter-shag, a slice of  
 breadspread with butter

Butter-sops, wheat or  
 oaten bread, soaked in  
 melted butter and  
 sugar  
 Bworn, born  
 Bwor'd, bored  
 Bygane, bygone ; past  
 Byre, cow-house

## C

Cabbish, cabbage  
 Caff, Chaff  
 Cairds, cards  
 Carel, Carlisle  
 Canny, decent looking,  
 well made  
 Cappar, one who excels  
 Car, cart  
 Carras, a shade or cart-  
 house, wherein carts are  
 kept  
 Cat-witted, silly and con-  
 ceited  
 Ceyder, cedar  
 Chap, a general term for  
 man, used either in a  
 manner of respect or  
 contempt  
 Chawk, chalk  
 Cheyde, chide  
 Chiel, a young fellow  
 Chimley, chimney  
 Chops, mouth  
 Claes, clothes  
 Clashes, tale bearers  
 Clarty, miry  
 Claver, to climb  
 Clogs, a sort of shoes, the  
 upper part of strong  
 hide leather, and the  
 soles of birch or alder,  
 plated with Iron

Cleed, to clothe  
 Cleek, to catch as with a hook  
 Click-clack, the noise that the pendulum of a clock makes in its vibrations  
 Clink, a blow  
 Clipt dinment, a thin, mean-looking fellow.  
 Clipt and heel'd, properly dressed like a cock prepared to fight  
 Cliver, clever  
 Cluff, a blow  
 Co', come or came  
 Cockin, cock-fighting  
 Cocker, a feeder or fighter of cocks  
 Com, came  
 Corp, corpse  
 Cow'd-lword, a puddin made of oatmeal and suet  
 Cowp, to exchange  
 Cowt, colt  
 Crack, to chat, to challenge, to boast, or do any think quickly, *I's dwi't in a crack*  
 Crackets, crickets  
 Crammel, to perform a thing awkwardly  
 Crap, crept  
 Creyke, creek  
 Cronie, an old acquaintance  
 Croft, a field behind the house  
 Crouse, lofty, haughty  
 Cruds, curds  
 Cruin, to bellow, to hum a tune

Cud, could  
 Cuddy Wulson, Cuthbert Wilson  
 Cuil, cool  
 Cummerlan, Cumberland  
 Cunn'd, counted  
 Curley pow, curled head  
 Cursinin, christening  
 Cursty, Christopher  
 Cursmas, Christmas  
 Curtchey'd curtseyed  
 Cutty, short  
 Cutten, cut down  
 Cutter'd, whispered  
 Cwoach, coach  
 Cwoals, coals  
 Cwoat, coat  
 Cwoley, a farmer's or shepherd's dog.  
 Cwose-house, corsehouse

## D

Daddle, hand  
 Daft, half wise, sometimes wanton  
 Daggy, drizzly  
 Dander, to hobble  
 Darrak, a day's labour  
 Dapper, neatly dressed  
 Darter, active in performing a thing  
 Dawstoners, inhabitants of Dalston, a village near Carlisle  
 De, do  
 Deame, dame  
 Deavie, David  
 Ded, or deddy, father  
 Dee, to die  
 Deeins, doings  
 Deef, deaf  
 De'il bin, devel take  
 Deet, died : to clean

Deeth, death  
 Deetin, winnowing corn  
 Deyl'd, mop'd, spiritless  
 Deyke, hedge  
 Diddle, to hum a tune  
 Dis, does  
 Dispert, desperate  
 Dissnins, 'a distance in  
     horse-racing, the 8th  
     part of a mile  
 Divvent, do not  
 Doff, to undress  
 Don, to dress  
 Donnet, an ill-disposed  
     woman  
 Downo, cannot, *i. e.* when  
     one has the power, but  
     wants the will to do any  
     thing  
 Dowter, daughter  
 Douse, jolly, or sonsylook-  
     ing person: according  
     to others, solid, grave,  
     and prudent  
 Dozen'd, spiritless, and  
     impotent  
 Dub, a small collection  
     of stagnant water  
 Dubbler, a wooden platter  
 Dui, do  
 Duir, door  
 Duin doon  
 Dud, did  
 Duds, coarse clothes  
 Dunch, to strike with the  
     elbows  
 Dunnet, do not  
 Dung owre, knocked over  
 Durdem, broil, hubbub  
 Durtment, anything use-  
     less  
 Dust, durdem, one of the

many provincial names  
 for money  
 Dwoated, doated

## E

Ee, eye  
 Een, eyes  
 Efter, after  
 Elcy, Alice  
 Eleeben, eleven  
 Ellek, Alexander  
 En, end  
 Eneugh, enough  
 Eshes, ash-trees

## F.

Fadder, father  
 Famish, famous  
 Fan, found, felt  
 Fash, trouble  
 Fares-te-weel, fares-thee-  
     well  
 Fau't, fault  
 Faul, farm-yard  
 Faw, fall  
 Feace, face  
 Feale, fail  
 Feckless, feeble, wanting  
     effect  
 Feght, fight  
 Fettle, order, condition  
 Feyne, fine  
 Fit, foot, fought  
 Fin, to find, to feel  
 Flacker'd, fluttered  
 Flay, fright, to fright  
 Fleek, fitch  
 Flegmagaries, useless trip-  
     peries of female dress  
 Fluir, or fleer, floor  
 Flyre, to laugh  
 Font, foolish



Forby, besides  
 Forret, forward  
 Fou, full  
 Fowt, a fondling  
 Frae, from  
 Frase, fray  
 Fratch, quarrel, to quarrel  
 Freeten'd, frightened  
 Freet, to grieve  
 Fremm'd, strange  
 Frostit, frosted  
 Frow, a worthless woman  
 Fuil, fool  
 Furbelows useless silks,  
     frills, or gauzes, of a  
     female dress  
 Furst, first  
 Fuss, bustle  
 Fwoal, foal  
 Fworc'd, forced  
 Fwolc, folk  
 Fwurm, a form, a bench

## G

Ga, to go  
 Gane, gone  
 Gam, game  
 Gamlers, gamblers  
 Gammerstang, a tall awkward  
     person, of a bad  
     gait  
 Gang, to go; a confeder-  
     ated company of infa-  
     mous persons.  
 Gar, to compel  
 Garth, orchard, or garden  
 Gat, got  
 Gate, road or path  
 Gawn, going  
 Gayshen, a smock-faced,  
     silly-looking person  
 Gear, wealth, money, the

tackling of a cart, or  
 plough  
 Gev, gave  
 Git, get  
 Girn, grin  
 Girt, great  
 Gliff, glance  
 Gleyme, to look obliquely,  
     squint  
 Glowre, to stare  
 Glump'd, gloomed  
 Gob, mouth  
 Gow'd i' gowpens, gold in  
     handfuls  
 Gwok, the cuckow; a  
     thoughtless, ignorant  
     fellow, who harps too  
     long on a subject  
 Gowl, to weep  
 Graen, to groan  
 Graith'd, dressed, accou-  
     tered  
 Grandideer, grenadier  
 Grandy, grandmother  
 Granfadder, grandfather  
 Granson, grandson  
 Greace, grace  
 Greave, grave  
 Greymin, a thin covering  
     of snow  
 Grousome, grim  
 Greype, a three-ponged  
     instrument for the pur-  
     pose of cleaning cow  
     houses  
 Gulder, to speak amaz-  
     ingly loud, and with a  
     dissonant voice  
 Gully, a large knife  
 Guff, a fool  
 Guid, good  
 Gurdle, the iron on which

cakes are baked,  
Gwordie, George

## H.

Hack'd, won every thing  
Ha'e, have  
Hale, whole  
Hallan, partition wall  
Hantel, large quantity  
Hankitcher, handkerchief  
Hap, to cover  
Hardleys, hardly  
Hauld, hold, shelter  
Havey-scavey, all in confusion  
Hawflin, a fool  
Haw, hall  
Hawf, half  
Havver, oats  
Hay-bay, hubbub  
Heaste, haste  
Hether-fac'd, rough faced  
Hee, high  
Het, hot  
Head-wark, head-ache  
Helter, halter,  
Hed, had  
Hes, has  
Hev, have  
Hirpled, limped  
Hinmost, hindmost  
Hing, hang  
Hinney, honey  
Hizzy, huzzy  
Hod, hold  
Hout! pshaw!  
Hotch, shake; to shake  
Howdey, a midwife  
Hug, to squeeze  
Hur, her  
Hulk, a lazy, clumsy fellow

Hursle, to raise up the  
shoulders  
Hunsup, scold; quarrel

## I.

I', contract. in  
Ilk, or ilka, every  
I's, contract. I am  
It'll, contract. it will  
Ither, other  
Indie, East Indies  
Iver, ever  
Jaw, mouth  
Jant, jaunt  
Jen, or Jenny, Jane  
Jeybe, jibe  
Jobby, or Jwosep, Joseph  
Jwoke, joke  
John, or Jwohnie, John

## K

Keale, broth  
Ken-guid, the example  
by which we are to learn  
what is good  
Keave, to give an awkward  
wavering motion  
to the body  
Keek, to peep  
Ken, to know  
Kith, acquaintances  
Kittle, to tickle  
Knop, a large tub  
Kurk, church  
Kurk-garth, a church  
yard  
Kurn, churn; to churn  
Kye, cows

## L

Lait, to seek  
Laik, play; to play

Laird, a farmer's eldest  
 son, or one who already  
 possesses land  
 'Ill, contraction of will  
 Lal, little  
 Larnin, learning  
 Lanlword, landlord  
 Lant, a game at cards  
 Lanthers, the players at  
 lant  
 Lave, the rest  
 Lapstone, a shoemaker's  
 stone, upon which he  
 beats his leather  
 Latch, a wooden sneck,  
 lifted sometimes with  
 a cord, at other times  
 with the finger  
 Lap, leapt  
 Leace, lace  
 Leady, lady  
 Leame, lame  
 Leate, late  
 Leane, lone  
 Leet, to meet with; to  
 alight  
 Leetsome, lightsome  
 Ledder, to beat  
 Lee, a lie  
 Leeve, live  
 Leather-te-patch, a plung-  
 ing step in a Cumber-  
 land dance  
 Lig, to lie  
 Leethet'lass, Lewthwaite's  
 lass  
 Lissen, to listen  
 Lish, active, genteel  
 Lonnin, a narrow lane  
 leading from one village  
 to another  
 Lock, a small quantity

Loff, offer  
 Loft, the upper apartment  
 of a cottage  
 Lout, an awkward clown  
 Lowe, flame  
 Lowes, to untie  
 Lowp, a leap; to leap  
 Lug, pull; to pull  
 Lugs, ears  
 Luik, look; to look  
 Luim, loom  
 Luive, love  
 Lunnon, London  
 Lurry, to pull  
 Lwosers, losers  
 Lword, lord  
 Lythey, thick

## M.

Mair, more  
 Maister, master  
 Maist, most  
 Mak, make; to make  
 Mant, to stutter  
 Maks, sorts  
 Mangrel, mongrel  
 Man thysel, act with the  
 spirit of a man  
 Mappen, may happen  
 Marget, Margaret  
 Marrow, equal; of the  
 same sort  
 Mazle, to wander as stupi-  
 fied  
 Meade, made  
 Mess, indeed, truly  
 Meer, mare  
 Midden, dunghill  
 Mickle, large, much  
 Mid-thie, mid-thigh  
 Mid-neet, mid-night  
 Mittens, gloves

Moilin, pining  
 Mowdywarp, a mole  
 Monie, many  
 Mud, might  
 Muir, moor  
 Muin, moon  
 Mun, must  
 Muck, dung  
 Murry, merry  
 Munnet, must not  
 Mudder, mother  
 Mworn, morn

## N

Nae, or nee, no  
 Naigs, horses  
 Nar, near  
 Nattle, to strike slightly  
 Neef, fist  
 Neame, name  
 Neet, night  
 Neist, next  
 Ne'er ark, never mind  
 Neb, nose  
 New-fangled, new-fashion-  
   ioned  
 Neybor, neighbour  
 Neyce, nice  
 Nimmel, nimble  
 Nin, none  
 Nit, not  
 Niver, never  
 Nobbet, only  
 Nowt, cattle  
 Nowther, neither  
 Nuik, nook  
 Nwotish, or nwotice, no-  
   tice

## O

Oaners, owners  
 Oddments, articles of no  
   great value

Odswinge! a rustic oath  
 Offen, often  
 Onie, any  
 Onset, dwelling house and  
   out-buildings  
 On't, contract. of it  
 Or, ere  
 Open'd their gills, gap'd  
   wide, and drank much  
 Ought, aught  
 Owre, over  
 Owther, either

## P

Paddock rudd, frog spawn  
 Pang'd, quite full  
 Parfet, perfect  
 Pat, put  
 Pate, head  
 Paut, to walk heavily  
 Paw mair, stir more; thus  
   *"the cat will never paw  
   mair"* means, the cat  
   will never stir more  
 Pech, to pant  
 Pee'd, one eyed  
 Peer, poor  
 Pell-mell, quick  
 Peet, a fibrous moss used  
   for fuel  
 Pennystones, stones in the  
   forms of quoits  
 Pez, pease  
 Piggen, a wooden dish  
 Pick, pitch  
 Pick'd the fwoal, foal'd  
   before the natural time  
 Pleugh, plough  
 Pleace, place  
 Pleenin, complaining  
 Plack, a single piece of  
   money.

Plied, read his book  
 Potticary, apothecary  
 Poddish, pottage  
 Pops and pairs, a game  
     at cards  
 Pow, to pull ; the head  
 Prent, print  
 Prod, thrust  
 Pruive, prove  
 Puil, pool  
 Puzzen, poison  
 Punch, to strike with the  
     feet  
 Pwokie, poke

## R

Rattens, rats  
 Reape, rope  
 Rear, to raise ; to rally  
 Reed, red  
 Reet, right  
 Reek, smoke  
 Reyder, rider  
 Rin, run  
 Royster'd, vociferated  
 Roughness, plenty ; store  
 Row up, to devour  
 Buddy, ready  
 Rust, rest ; repose  
 Russlin, wrestling  
 Ruse, arose  
 Rwoar'd, roared  
 Rwose, rose

## S

Sackless.—The original meaning of this word is innocent, guiltless; but it is now applied in the sense of feeble, useless, insignificant, incapable of exertion

Sae, so  
 Sair, sore  
 Sairy, poor  
 Sarvant, servant  
 Sal, shall  
 San, sand  
 Sampleth, sampler  
 Sark, shirt  
 Sarra, to serve  
 Sattle, a long seat  
 Sault, salt  
 Sceape-greace, a hair-  
     brain'd, graceless fellow  
 Scalder'd, scalded  
 Swores, scores  
 Sceap'd, escaped  
 Scons, cakes made of bar-  
     ley meal  
 Scraffle, struggle  
 Schuil, school  
 Scotty kye, Scotch cows,  
 Scribe of a pen, line by  
     way of letter  
 Scrudge, squeeze  
 Seame, same  
 Seec, sick  
 Seape, soap  
 Sec, such  
 Seegh, sigh  
 Seer, sure,  
 Sel, self  
 Seed, saw  
 Seeben, seven  
 Seevy, rushey  
 See't, contract. see it  
 Seet, sight  
 Sen, or seyne, since  
 Seugh, ditch  
 Selt, sold  
 Seypers, those who drink  
     to the last drop ; im-  
     moderate drinkers

- Seyde, side  
 Setterday, Saturday  
 Sha' not, shall not  
 Shearin, reaping  
 Shem and a bizzen, a shame, and besides a sin; the word *bizen* being apparently a corruption of "*By a sin*," i.e., besides a sin  
 Shoon, shoes  
 Shot, reckoning; freed from  
 Shuik, shook  
 Sheynin, shining  
 Shuffle, to scrape with the feet; to evade  
 Shouder, shoulder  
 Shoul, shovel  
 Shottle, schedule  
 Shwort, short  
 Shwort-cakes, rich fruit cakes, which the Cumbrrian peasants present to their sweethearts at fairs.  
 Sinseyne, since that time  
 Skirl'd, scream'd  
 Sleas, sloes  
 Slape, slippery  
 Slink, slinge  
 Slee, sly  
 Slap, to beat  
 Smiddy, smithy  
 Smaw, small  
 Smuik, smoke  
 Smutty, obscene  
 Smudder, smother  
 Snaps, small round gingerbread cakes  
 Snworin, snoring  
 Sneck, latch or catch of a gate or door  
 Snift'rin, sniffing  
 Sour-milk, butter-milk  
 Soncy, lucky, generous  
 Sowdgers, soldiers  
 Souse, to plunge or immerse  
 Spak, spoke  
 Speyce, spice  
 Splet, split  
 Spot, a place of service  
 Spwort, sport  
 Spunky, sparkling  
 Spuin, spoon  
 Starken, to tighten  
 Steyle, stile  
 Steeks, shuts  
 Strack, struck  
 Stule, stole  
 Stuil, stool  
 Stown, stolen  
 Stwory, story  
 Stud, stood  
 Strae, straw  
 Stibble, stubble  
 Stan, stand  
 Streenin, straining  
 Strappin, tall  
 Stoun, a sudden and transient pain  
 Stoury, dusty  
 Stowter, to walk clumsily  
 Sticks, furniture  
 Struive, Strove  
 Sud, should  
 Summet, something  
 Suin, soon  
 Sumph, blockhead  
 Sworry, sorry  
 Swapp'd, exchanged  
 Swope, a sup  
 Swat, sit down  
 Sweyne, swine



## T

Ta'en, taken  
 Taistrel, scoundrel  
 Tane, the one  
 Tarn'd, ill-natured  
 Tearan, tearing; a *tearan*  
*fellow* is a rough, hot-  
 headed person, who  
 drives every thing be-  
 fore him, regardless of  
 danger and of conse-  
 quences  
 Te, thee; to te-dui, to do  
 Teable, table  
 Teaylear, tailor  
 Telt, told  
 Teale, tale  
 Teakin, taking  
 Tease, to importune, to  
 pester  
 Teyney, small  
 Tek, take  
 Tem, them  
 Teyme, time  
 Teydey, neat  
 Tough, tough  
 Teasty, tasteful  
 Teydins, tidings  
 Thar, or thur, these  
 Thoum, thumb  
 Throssle, a thrush  
 Thworn, thorn  
 Thirteen, thirteen  
 Thowt, thought  
 Thick, friendly  
 Theek'd, thatched  
 Thrang, throng  
 Threep, to argue; to aver  
 Threed, thread  
 Thropple, windpipe  
 Thie, thigh  
 Thimmel, thimble

Tig, to strike gently  
 Titty, sister  
 To't, to the  
 Tou's, thou art  
 Thou'll, thou wilt  
 Toddle, to walk unstably,  
 as children  
 Top, or topper, of a good  
 quality  
 To-mworn, to-morrow  
 Trippet, a small piece of  
 wood obtusely pointed,  
 with which rustics a-  
 muse themselves  
 Trimmel, tremble  
 Trouncin, beating  
 Trig, tight  
 Trinkums, useless finery  
 Tudder, the other  
 Tui, too  
 Tuik, took  
 Tuith-wark, tooth-ache  
 Tummel'd, tumbled  
 Tuppence, two-pence  
 Twea, or twee, two  
 Twenty, twenty

## U

Unket, strange, particular  
 news  
 Unco, very  
 Uphod, uphold

## V

Varra, very  
 Varmen, or varment, ver-  
 mine  
 Vap'rin, vapouring

## W

Wad, would  
 Waddn't, contract. would  
 not

Wae, sorry	Whilk, which
Wa, dang it! a mode of swearing	Whussle, or wursle, to wrestle
Waffler, waverer	Whuzzin, whizzing
Wale, choice	Whissenday, Whit-Sunday
Wan, to win	Whoal, hole
Wanters, persons who want wives or husbands	Whey-feac'd, smock-faced
War, worse; were	Wi', or wid, with
Wark, work	Wide-gobb'd, wide-mouthed
War-day, every day in the week, except Sunday	Win, wind
Warl, world	Windy, noisy
Watter, water	Whinnings, money won
Waw, wall	Worchet, orchard
Weage, wage	Wordy, worthy
Wee, diminutive	Worton, Orton, name of a village
Wey! expression of assent; why	Wots, oats
Weyfe, wife	Wrang, wrong
Weyte, blame	Wull, will
Webster, or wobster, weaver	Wullin, willing
Whack, thwack	Wully, or Wulliam, William
Whaker, Quaker	Wunnet, contract. will not
Whart, quart	Wun, to dwell
Wheyte, quite	Y
Whye, a heifer	Yad, a mare
Whope, hope	Yable, able
Whornpeype, hornpipe	Yeage, age
Whurry, wherry	Yallow, yellow
Whisht! hush	Yat, a gate
Whinge, to weep	Yek, oak
Wheezlin, drawing the breath with difficulty	Yell, ale
Whinin, whining	Yen, one
Whitten, Whitehaven	Yer, your
Whore, where	Ye's, ye shall
Whif, a blast	Youngermer, younger person
Whietly, quietly	

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